# NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1876. | VOLUME XXIV.—No. 25. Price Ten Cents.


## REUNITED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

You say I have given you back your trust,
You say I've a scornful face, and cold—
That a shattered idol, a thing of dust,
Is all I have left for your life to hold.
O man! Can you know a woman's heart?
How, deeper than plummet can descend,
Her love must form of her life a part,
And only end when her life shall end?"

"It is true I have given you back your ring,
I have brought your letters to give to you!
A bond of gold is a senseless thing
When the heart of man is itself untrue!
And the spotless page whereon one may write
Man's love, is naught if that love decay;
And this is why I have brought to-night
These letters—treasured from day to day."

"I can give to you ——": But his arms spread wide,
The haughty curl from her lip has fled,
A falling tear-drop is brushed aside,
And a sob is trembling there instead.
The arms are closed, and the angels smile,
And slowly bend from their home above:
Outlasting all of earth's "little while,"
He folds forever this deathless love.

# ROSE:

## THE SPLENDORS AND MISERIES OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

**Translated for The New York Clipper from the French of Edouard Cadol.**

### CHAPTER V.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

A person of many good qualities was Mademoiselle Aglae Laboeuf. Without being an astonishing beauty, she possessed that pleasing handsomeness of the French women of the middle class, dissimilar as to good looks, encountered elsewhere. Blooming, well-shaped, she could aspire to the admiration of, and by right to an alliance with, an amiable and honorable young man. In a word, her mind was engrossed with such an aspiration, which, sustained by hope, ultimately constituted her ideal. Unfortunately for her peace and satisfaction, she lacked neither intelligence nor foresight. So thoroughly, indeed, did she possess them that, penetrating the views of her father and the worthy Philippin, she perceived herself threatened by a marital contract sovereignly displeasing to her. For a length of time this fear remained vague and indefinite; but a few months subsequently her apprehensions assumed shape upon hearing her relatives remark:

"It is downright murder to allow a man of talent, one of our national representatives, to degenerate through lack of an atmosphere congenial to the development of his superior faculties."

"His surroundings stifle his genius," said the father.

"A magnificent mission for a young woman!" added Philippin, "to be guardian angel over this prodigy!"

And Aglae, remaining mute, murmured to herself:

"They are infatuated with the idea of making me the wife of Monsieur La Trefailles!"

As to the father, he contemplated simply a heroic rescue. Less avaracious of notoriety, than his son he regarded vanity as of secondary consideration, and his view might jeopardize the business; in that consisted the real danger.

The great misfortune was, moreover, that Aglae, educated in the purest school of domestic morality, believed only in a restrained right to dispose of her future and of her feelings. Ever repugnant frankly to this marriage, ever disposed openly to interpose such resistance as was accorded her by respect for paternal authority, she felt keenly that she must overcome her scruples, should her relatives' persistence overstep certain bounds. Furthermore, she had no person from whom to seek assistance. Moreover, it appeared to her extremely harsh to link her existence to that of a man who might be well enough—of that she was unable as yet to judge—the greatest man of talent in the world; but whom, in her spiritual jurisdiction, she perfectly depreciated. He had composed "The Old Folks," against which she had no complaint; it was a masterpiece, and she desired his welfare. Still he had produced, at that very moment, a review in a theatrical sheet, in conjunction with one Benjamin and another writer of the same stamp, Fortune Lamie, of which she had heard many singular remarks. And, in addition to this review, he appeared to have composed couplets, which had not escaped, wholly in fact, the censorship—an institution exerting an excellent restraint, she had been told, upon obscenity and the jovial vagaries of intellectual debauch. Furthermore, had he not published an exceptionable book, a sort of physiology of morals, beyond her comprehension? They said to her:

"It is precisely from such debasement you are to rescue this great man through marrying him."

To which she replied in advance:

"His rescue is decidedly a laudable undertaking, still I cannot disguise from you my lack of confidence for accomplishing so precious a work. In fact, why does not his mistress, Mademoiselle Rose, undertake so advantageous a task? No one, evidently, can more deeply appreciate its importance, and why not infuse her whole soul into his redemption, in place of leaving the enterprise to a weak, young being, incapable of comprehending certain sublimities? Has Mademoiselle Rose lost her knowledge of the world? What force, then, would Aglae have, whose knowledge is limited to French? and such French!—that spoken simply in the ordinary tenor of life, and expressing ordinary sentiments."

Nevertheless, she failed not to understand that her father and brother conceived themselves to be under obligations to place George "in a favorable condition for the expansion of his talent." The entire programme constituted this one idea. At first, she perceived simply an indefinite formula; subsequently, hearing allusion made to the financial embarrassments of the young man, she saw clearly that the object was to bestow upon him not only her life, her affections, her entire soul and body, but, furthermore and primarily, her dowry. After shedding a few tears and discussing at length the means for extraction from the honor proposed to be inflicted upon her, she discovered in herself and—if it be permissible to apply so lofty a word to a person in her insignificant position—in her virtue courage to accept the destiny prepared for her. This young girl, who evidently did not belong to her period, entertained a great respect for her duty.

Before the business was fairly broached to her, she observed that George multiplied his visits. Having found a seat at the table, he became a regular guest. They monopolized him. No reception was held without him, and oftentimes they went to the theatre together. Moreover, he did not annoy her with kind attention. Regarding her as a person to be middling comprehended, he scarcely spoke to her save about "that thing and the other." Esthetical questions are topics for discussion among men, and he treated her as an overgrown child.

One morning, at breakfast with Aglae alone, Pere Laboeuf seized a favorable opportunity to "pop the question," which he formularized as an interrogatory:

"What do you think of a marriage with Monsieur La Trafailles?"

Aglae smiled sweetly.

"My heavens, papa!" she replied, "do you take it to heart?"

The father, without saying "Yes," enumerated many considerations in no wise affecting the daughter, as she loyally avowed.

"How!" rejoined Pere Laboeuf. "Are you not flattered in becoming the wife of one of our great national writers?"

"To tell the truth, not at all."

The worthy man experienced an unexpected surprise. Had he been a woman, he would have married all the great writers who might desire him.

"But, then, why does he not suit you?"

"Not at all!" responded Aglae with tranquil simplicity.

The retired commission merchant did not return to the charge. Tell certain people that you do not like oysters or lobster-salad, and you will astonish them into a belief of their want of taste. In their eyes you do not belong to this world, rather to the moon. Consequently, what do you like? The Pere Laboeuf remained overwhelmed by analogous astonishment. How! George, author of "The Old Folks," that young man whose headaches are chronicled in the newspapers; that noble youth receiving anonymous declarations of love; in a word, La Trefailles! and she not like him! It was wrong side uppermost. Did his daughter lack common sense? Was it to be feared that she was afflicted by some mental malformation? Much vexed, the worthy man preached her a sermon, reproaching her with not being like "the rest of the world," suspecting her to have some extraordinary ideal in her mind's eye.

Listening silently, Aglae inquired of herself whether, if in case the positions were inverted, and she should have married George contrary to her father's inclinations, he would not have discoursed in precisely the same manner? In fact, it would have been fair to wager that he could not have done otherwise. Arising and leaning upon the shoulder of the author of her being, she embraced him:

"Calm yourself," she said. "I have no ideal in my brain. Monsieur George in no wise suits me; still, he displeases me not so far as repugnance. And, moreover, I am aware that a child should have confidence in her parents. Hesitate for a brief moment, and if finally you repeat your desire to have this 'great writer' as son-in-law, I will do your bidding."

As a matter of right, Laboeuf grew angry. He was wrong! In place of remonstrating with him and energetically resisting, Aglae yielded; the least he could have done was to exhibit his susceptibility. Can it be imagined he desired to sacrifice his daughter? He comprehended that the matter would be taken in that light, and he defended himself from being placed in a position of compelling his daughter, imagining to create her happiness.

Despite her natural common sense, the young girl was distressed. These subtleties worried her. It was so apparent that a vein of vanity predominated throughout. Consequently, should she acquiesce, through sheer goodness, it behooved her to show herself delighted. That was asking too much. Still, what to be done? That which every woman does in possession of the functions of her sex—she wept for a long while; after which, avoiding in advance the struggle, she intentionally surrendered. Was her determination accompanied by loud-sounding lamentations, with the frenzy of desperation, as described in the literature of romance? No; she surrendered unconditionally, resolved to make the most out of her future position; to be, if not happy, at least contented. After all, marriage promises one consolation for a woman of healthy mind—maternity. An infant throws a halo around many things, even upon the vexations of an ill-assorted match.

Some days after this interview, George's attitude was materially changed towards Aglae. He commenced by presenting her with a bouquet; subsequently, upon leaving the table, he seated himself by her side, ever conversing upon "this thing and that," still in a subdued tone. She comprehended that he was paying her court. Gradually he progressed towards intimacy. In sentences replete with periphrases and amplifications, he described commonplace localities, bestowing upon them especial accentuation with a deep-toned voice and a half-averted face. She responded boldly, without that romantic and languishing manner by him affected. Far from so doing, the first nervousness surmounted, she appeared in good humor, rather sprightly, without occasion for heaving sighs in unison with his. In the bottom of her heart she entertained compassion for the great man. He should, thought she, to be ill at ease in thus distorting his imagination to appear poetic, and she asked of herself whether it could be actually the case. Heavens! was it allowable for a young man of intellect, of tact, of good sense, to imagine himself constrained and compelled to utter such absurdities without thought or reflection? Gayly, one day, at a *tete-a-tete*, she touched lightly upon the question. George, unconscious of her determination, and distrustful as to her ready acquiescence, burned his ships and declared his passion freely and with emphasis.

"My family," she replied, "desire our marriage. Without entertaining exaggerated sentiments, I feel myself disposed to satisfy a general request, and I can assure you it will not depend upon me for having cause to regret consequences."

Moulded slightly after the fashion of regulated society, ignoring "young girls" like a majority of his companions, George thought Aglae could not have decently spoken otherwise. From that time he was tender towards her. She preserved her cheerfulness. Once he took her hand and made semblance of kissing her. She smiled, but would not allow him. Perceiving which, he imagined her imitating a scene in "The Depit Amoureux" (of which she was ignorant), and he so far forgot himself as to repeat from memory of Anthony's replies, producing neither heat nor cold.

"He is a curious fellow," she said to herself. "He appears sincere, and, upon leaving me, will rejoin his mistress. Very well!" added she in a consolatory manner; "possibly he imagines I know naught concerning her."

Furthermore, did he calculate upon maintaining relations with Rose after marriage? Forsooth! she could question that in her own mind. Observations at times dropped by her brother with regard to certain celebrities authorized her to imagine, at least, a singular morality existing in that class of society. The future did not loom brightly, and at certain moments there occurred fits of revolt, which she with difficulty subdued, however strong her proffession of respect for the father's will. Still, doubt calmed her. Could it be probable? Perchance, likewise, as nothing was determined, George would not desire to break definitely with Rose, fearing to find himself, like Buridan's ass, between two measures of oats. A curiosity more or less legitimate, still assuredly logical, impelled her adroitly to inquire into that mistress' character. She succeeded in collecting information producing a strong impression. Her talent as an actress was known. The story of her intimacy with George surprised her. Still, how could she remain with him, knowing he was about to marry? In truth, Rose was probably in ignorance as to that; otherwise, she might be regarded as a dupe, if not an accomplice. There dropped a solitary expression from the lips of that simple girl of the people, who, from instinct, however, entertained an aversion to professional artists:

"Poor woman!"

She had imagined the truth—Rose in no wise suspected anything. It is likewise necessary to say that she was engrossed in her labors. Flourquinet, attaining his end, had engaged a talented author to supply him with a piece. From that moment only had Rose tasted professional pleasure; she felt herself in actual life, breathing a normal atmosphere, and, moreover, what an ease in her relations with the author, whose quality and exquisite politeness were sure signs of merit, contrasted so agreeably with the braggart assumptions of third-rate rivals! Rose, delighted, thought of nothing save her part; she lived in it, studying and repeating it incessantly. The piece was finally arrived, she awaited its termination to request from the author suggestions deemed necessary. George had never seen her so active or so gay. He was well aware that she was studying a piece by an illustrious colleague; but he attached no importance to it. Having cast a glance over the part, he was satisfied:

"Pish! it will never draw a sous!" Then, to avoid suspicion of envy, he hastened to add: "It is not because there is nothing to do, or that the author lacks talent. No! not at all! I am somewhat of his school, and by the side of the Chapelains of nowadays he is a king. Only, why, think you he would give a good piece to Flourquinet, when Perrin, Montigny and the Vaudeville would have been delighted to have granted him the Winter season?" In order to depreciate it to the utmost, he ingenuously addressed Rose herself: "To give you the part, when the author could have choice of Pierson, Croisette or Broisat! That shows he attaches no importance to the piece. It must be an ebullition of bygone days, patched from courtesy or weariness at Flourquinet's solicitations. He is tickled with a straw."

Rose grew angry. Moreover, it concerned her not whether it brought in a sou. She would regret it for the manager's sake; still, perceiving wretched trash drawing large receipts, she insisted that money making was not the only object for her consideration. Besides, who could positively anticipate the fact? Experience would be the test. Oftentimes, to her remembrance, pieces predicted either some a run of two hundred nights, or others a downright failure, produced exactly the opposite result. Without clearly penetrating the thoughts of her friend—it was in her destiny never to intermeddle with business—she commenced to unbosom herself, reasons imposed upon her at the outset of their intimacy. The woman, the lover, remained under the influence of the man beloved—individuals are dear proportionately to the cost of self-sacrifice—but the actress scorned constraint. The soul took its flight, and without desire, reflection, or aught save inevitable consequences, she realized the words she had been repeating, and which, in Mephistopheles: "If you would exist, it must be through your own strength." It was not, however, that she distrusted the "genius" of George. In that respect she was, as upon the first day, dazzled and bewildered by it. Doubtless, she recognized some defect of will in him, but not of vitality, and she maintained herself, in face of the author of "The Old Folks," in the attitude of the "double" with regard to the full-blown phenomenon. With a profound conviction, she again said further:

"Should he so will!"

Nevertheless, her intellectual faculties compelled her gradually to overstep all these bounds in everything concerning aught save art, and in asserting her rights, she became respected.

The necessity for her professional independence manifested itself from the day she observed George dwindle into collaborations almost unavoidable. So much had he held to a menace of "making it a trade," that she had accepted this threat as a passing ebullition of spite. Still, seeing him associated with literary hacks in the fabrication of reviews and of gossip for women, she had a project, so satisfactory to him, of consecrating herself exclusively to George's compositions. She had yielded to a passionate ambition of living for herself, ever excusing her friend for his apparent defection. He had said to her:

"What you require? I am in debt!"

She restricted herself to complaining, presuming that the sacrifice would have cost him terribly. In other respects her artist-life, slightly separated from that of George henceforth, would engross her so sufficiently that she, perchance she only, would continue to remain in ignorance of the abandonment menacing her.

The rehearsals progressed. Preparation of her wardrobe and redoubled efforts for a second triumph prevented Rose from noticing the change of manners and habits in George. She had been fairly astonished at times at certain whisperings of his companions, at certain expressions of compassion; still, perceiving no cause for them, she had suffered them to pass unheeded. Upon the day of rehearsal, before the censors, these circumstances struck her more particularly. Nevertheless, having so many things to prepare for this event, the slight uneasiness awakened within her was dispelled through the confusion of the moment. Likewise, on that same day she had been compelled to a species of change in domicil. On the evening previously, George had announced his compulsory absence for a brief journey. Some family matters necessitated a visit to Avesnes for consultation with his uncle, still living, and a more honorary notary than ever. There had been, he said, a reconciliation between them, and it was possible that the uncle, a man of routine, might detain his nephew a much longer time than appeared desirable to the latter. Rose conceived, taking all things into consideration, that it would be preferable for her to inhabit her own apartments until George's return. Hence that morning was devoted to transportation of her trunks. She herself, in explanation as to being some minutes behind time, alluded to her situation while speaking to her comrades. They listened to her, preserving rigid countenances. Some among them lowered their eyes, turned aside their glances, while others pressed her hand warmly than ever, from force of habit. Flourquinet had even debated within himself whether it were not his duty to inform her of that which was at present an admitted fact—that is to say, her abandonment. But the censor's arrival interrupted his persecuting reflections. Upon the termination of rehearsal, Flourquinet, noticing the excellent effect produced upon Rose by the small auditory, did not venture to make the anticipated revelation. She went forth from the theatre.

On the morrow was an intermission for general rehearsal before the assembled audience of intimate friends. Rose arrived first at the theatre, tried on her dresses, and rehearsed enthusiastically.

"My heavens!" thought the manager, "would that she does not receive that thunderbolt tomorrow!"

All was excitement at the theatre on that morrow. As each letter was received, they trembled lest it came from Rose, saying:

"I am incapable of performing."

At seven o'clock the young woman arrived, slightly pale and with a wearied countenance. Flourquinet, who had dinner served in his private cabinet, awaited her at the passage.

"Well, my little Rose?" he said, advancing to her.

"Well, my dear friend," responded Rose with a smile. I have my nerves unstrung, still I am valiant. Have no fear!"

"She knows nothing," thought the perturbed manager; "we are saved."

Upon the point of leaving, after some words of encouragement, Rose retained him.

"Have you received news from George?" she inquired.

"No."

"He should have written me," added Rose, "as soon as he arrived at his uncle's; but no letter has reached me."

He knew not what to reply.

"Bah!" said she, "his time is engrossed; it will come to-morrow."

And she ascended into her dressing-room.

"Alas!" thought Flourquinet, "what an awakening from pleasant dreams!"

The plot of the piece about to be played was founded upon the situation in which a father who has married his daughter to a rascal has been legally placed, and the first act occurs on the day of the ceremony. Rose would make her first appearance upon returning from church, and in wedding-garments. Upon the stage, as in society, white raiment is customary to wear; the handsomest, the most graceful females are selected for the bride. Rose, thinking to avoid awkwardness, had dressed herself a long time in advance. When ready, a long hour remained before taking the stage. Costumed, slightly embarrassed, she walked, reciting her part and gesticulating before the mirror. Nevertheless, time pressed heavily upon her—so much so that, when stopping in her walks, she reflected upon what was to occur; whereupon excitement and fear seized upon her. Still, what to do? Upon the table sundry articles, brought by tradesmen, lay half-hidden in a newspaper bearing the day's date. Too much occupied by thought of a "first night," she had that morning dispensed with reading the journals. She therefore thought to while away time through glancing over the news; and, at risk of blackening her fingers, whitened of course, she smoothed the crumpled sheet. During many minutes she read mechanically, without comprehending the sense of the paragraphs meeting her eye. Suddenly a name attracted her attention—a name well known to her sight, a name whose typographical character appeared to stand out in full relief from the context, and, in a manner as it were, to illuminate the sheet. That name was La Trefailles!

There was published:

One of our youngest and most sympathetic celebrities is about to renounce Satan and his vanities, but not, Heaven be praised! his works. The bulletin of official notices at the Mayor's office of the Eleventh Arrondissement announce the approaching marriage of Monsieur Andre Leon Victor Libourt, otherwise known as George La Trefailles, to Mademoiselle Fulgence Antoinette Aglae Laboeuf. The bride, a young lady of the first society, to whose charming good qualities is added a very respectable dowry, is the sister of our friend Monsieur Philippin, the jovial companion known to all Paris, and who seems to be the other half of the author of "The Old Folks." Brothers at heart, these two notabilities of Parisian society are about to perfect a bond of union the most binding and fraternal to be desired.

Rose, having completed the perusal of the news-item, recommenced it, repersused it again and again, until, almost able to recite it from memory, the true intent of the paragraph burned into her soul with a galling alacrity. The newspaper fell from her hands; her eyes swam, her hearing failed her; before her sight appeared a species of phantasmagoria, displaying fantastic letters whose clustering framed the words she had been perusing.

The voice of the calboy resounded in the corridor:

"First scene, first act!" A moment after: "You are called!" Still again: "The curtain's rung up."

The half-opened door was pushed aside:

"It is you, my girl," said the assistant stage-manager, who, perceiving everything in readiness, retired.

"Eh?" asked Rose, abruptly reawakening. "Me? What?"

Then, arising, she went to the mirror, and perceived herself in white robes, surmounted by a veil and crowned with orange-flowers. By delusion, explained through her trouble, she imagined herself to be George's bride, and, turning about, sought him. The movement produced a rustle of the newspaper. Throwing her eyes down, she perceived the journal, and, reawakening to reality, experienced the horrors of her situation.

"Oh!" she exclaimed with terrible desperation. "Yes, it is a play! and for me to appear upon the scene."

Thunderstruck through excess of grief, she remained motionless for a further minute; then, rushing towards the stage with an unsteady step:

"My God!" she muttered.

She arrived precisely at the moment when a powerful flow of air was being thrown upon her by entrance, and almost immediately she found herself in the presence of two thousand spectators, bending eyes upon her. Suffocating, astounded, not knowing exactly where she was, who she was, or what was wanted, she hesitated at her first step, literally aghast, seeing everything turn and dance around her. A salvo of applause was heard. The public, of its own accord, "made her entrance." They discovered her to be charming—charming in timidity and maidenly bashfulness. While they clapped hands she said to herself:

"What have I to say?—to do? Alas! I know not. I have forgotten my part. What piece am I playing?"

At certain moments that no actor can avoid, acting becomes a horrible trade. To be there, heart torn to ribbons, hopelessly overwhelmed, with suicidal ideas floating in the brain, and to be compelled to amuse the crowd! The woman performing Jocrisse has a sick child at home. That one with smiles upon her lips, whom they tease in the morning, buried mother or sister. And still another performing on the stage catches sight of the man she loves in company with a rival. Vexation harasses some, grief blinds others, while anger and humiliation stifle others again. Bah!

"Rose, you! You can put rape upon your hat when we have done laughing."

And they do laugh; for, despite everything, these unfortunate people create mirth; it is their business. Only, revolving amid his particular set, the old fogy says to his friend:

"The little one is not in the vein to-night!"

Returning to her home, Rose thought of nothing concerning the impressions of that night. The piece had been finished, and that was all she knew. I clearly see how mistaken was her perception by the public. Still less did she remember the impression by her produced. To each cue she had replied with that instinctive force natural to actors. There had been applause and calls before the curtain; and, oftentimes occur frequently, she was making was not the only object for her consideration. Besides, who could positively anticipate the fact? Experience would be the test. Oftentimes, to her remembrance, pieces predicted either some a run of two hundred nights, or others a downright failure, produced exactly the opposite result. Without clearly penetrating the thoughts of her friend—it was in her destiny never to intermeddle with business—she commenced to unbosom herself, reasons imposed upon her at the outset of their intimacy. The woman, the lover, remained under the influence of the man beloved—individuals are dear proportionately to the cost of self-sacrifice—but the actress scorned constraint. The soul took its flight, and without desire, reflection, or aught save inevitable consequences, she realized the words she had been repeating, and which, in Mephistopheles: "If you would exist, it must be through your own strength." It was not, however, that she distrusted the "genius" of George. In that respect she was, as upon the first day, dazzled and bewildered by it. Doubtless, she recognized some defect of will in him, but not of vitality, and she maintained herself, in face of the author of "The Old Folks," in the attitude of the "double" with regard to the full-blown phenomenon. With a profound conviction, she again said further:

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MISS LOUISE HENDERSON, Actress.

## REQUIESCAT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

O loved ones, gone beyond earth's cares and weeping,
At rest! at rest!
With white hands folded in the last, long sleeping,
Upon each breast.

Rest quietly—no eyelids in the morning
Shall ope to weep.
In this long night ye need not fear the dawning,
Asleep! asleep!

Were *Requiscat in pace* on all things written,
'Twere better still.
No human heart could then with grief be smitten,
Or sense of ill.

But we should sleep, alike through Summer's frondage
And Winter's snows.
No human cares break in upon the bondage
Of that repose.

Yet we live on, while ye in silence sleeping
We wake to weep—thank God, no tears of weeping
Your eyes may fill.

We only wait, O loved ones gone before us:
The coming years
Shall see at last the shadow darken o'er us
To hide our tears.

Across our hearts, torn with their griefs, and broken,
Time's pen shall trace
But these brief words, of buried joys the token:
*Sic requiescat in pace.*

## THE DEAD ALIVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

A young man sat in a luxurious apartment, his head resting listlessly on one hand, his handsome face, gloomy and morose, gazing into the fire which burned in the grate before him. He watched the glowing coals as though he would read therein some longed-for secret, as though it were an oracle which he would consult. But the fiery eyes only glared back at him silently, and no whisper came to warn him of the rocks and shoals upon which he was steering his course. When wreck and ruin came, then would his eyes be opened to the truth.

There was a soft step behind him, and a woman entered the room. A woman of magnificent beauty, an olive complexion, with a dash of red in the rounded dimpled cheeks, a pair of dark eyes, in whose depths there slumbered a spirit that could never be subdued—a haughty, wicked gleam in their treacherous gloom. But the long lashes drooped over them now, and the sweet smile that her scarlet lip wore covered the suspicion of a lurking devil behind all this bloom and grace and subtlety. She came towards him with a gentle, undulating movement, which has often been described but never expressed—like a panther, advancing slowly, with its magnetizing eye upon its unconscious victim. A sudden spring, a horrible cry, and the deed is done—it is all over.

The young man turned as she entered, and his gaze fell upon her. He covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud. She touched him gently, and the smile faded away from her curving lip, and a dark, determined shadow took its place.

"Mark," she said in a voice which was hardly above a whisper, and yet strangely distinct and clear, "how long must this continue?"

He shuddered, but answered her not. She gazed down into his blue eyes with the full force of her stronger nature. She bent over him, and her soft breath touched his cheek. A subtle fragrance from her garments, the black crape dress, which did not conceal the white throat and snowy arms, with their bands of heavy jet, the scent of the jessamine in her dusky hair, the scarlet lips so close to his own—what man could resist the fascination? With a sudden, convulsive movement, he drew her face close to his, and kissed the red mouth again and again. No blush followed the act of temerity; but, instead, a glow of triumph seemed to sweep over the matchless face of the woman, and her soft, caressing voice went on, with its horrible tempting:

"We *do* love each other, Mark?"

For answer he strained her closely to him, and she continued:

"Must we be separated forever? See here," she cried, in a clear, ringing voice, standing erect and beautiful before him, "you are bound by the laws of the land to that woman; the world calls her your wife; you love her. Mark Lorraine, do you love her?"

The man's face grew stern and determined.

"No! I never loved her. *You* are my first, my only love. O Rena! Rena!"

"Mark," she went on hurriedly, "Blanche, your wife, is very ill; but she will recover—the physician says so. And I, the poor companion and dependent upon her bounty, am installed head nurse! She bit her lip angrily, then continued: "She requires sleep, Dr. Routh says. See, Mark!"

The woman took from her pocket a tiny vial, and held it up to the light; it was filled with a colorless liquid.

"A few drops of this in her composing draught to-night will secure us happiness. I will drop it into the sleeping-potion, and to-morrow we will be free."

Her voice died away into a whisper again. She clasped her hands upon his arm, and her dark eyes searched his face.

"Shall it be thus?"

He bowed his head.

"Yes, Rena. Freedom at any price!" was Mark Lorraine's answer, and so the horrible compact was made.

He took both her small hands in his, and gazed back into her face.

"Years ago, Rena Dare," said he, "you should have been my wife; but circumstances willed otherwise. I shall lose my soul for your sake, but you shall yet be mine!"

He turned away from her, and left the room hastily. The woman stood with the light of a wicked conquest in her evil eyes. After off, she saw herself in Blanche Lorraine's place, courted, flattered, the mistress of all this wealth which Blanche had brought to her unscrupulous husband, and for which he, indeed, had married her—all these—Rena Dare's, the poor companion who, with luxurious tastes and extravagant desires, had so long been compelled to eat the bread of poverty and dependence. She set her little teeth close together, and a smile flitted over her lips—a terrible smile, such as Mephistopheles might have smiled when he claimed the soul he sought.

"It shall all be mine!" she said, half audibly. "The poor fool! Does he think that for *him* I would commit murder? Bah! Not he, but his money!"

She laughed aloud, and, turning, swept from the room, her long, black robes trailing after her; a sweet odor floating up, faint and sickening, from the jessasmine flower which had fallen from her hair, and lay, crushed by her slender foot, upon the velvet carpet.

There was a rustling in the thick, crimson curtains at one end of the large apartment, and a man stepped from behind their heavy folds. A young man, with noble face, and proud, dark eyes. It was Dr. Routh, the family physician, who, young as he was, had already made himself eminent in his profession. His face was like marble and his hands trembled; he looked like a man who has listened to his own death-warrant.

"Great Heavens!" he ejaculated. "In this enlightened nineteenth century are such things possible? Well was it for poor little Mrs. Lorraine that I chanced to be in yonder window, when no one suspects my presence in the house. Well, I have overheard the whole vile plot. Heaven grant that I will not be too late to defeat it!"

He stood for a few moments in deep thought; then his face brightened; and, leaving the room noiselessly, he quitted the house unperceived.

Meantime Rena Dare had sought the bedside of the sick woman. Blanche Lorraine was lying propped up by pillows in the magnificent room which was her bedchamber. She was a sweet-faced, patient-looking woman; she seemed to know the meaning of the word sorrow; and, indeed, her whole married life had been given over to the conjugation of the verb "to endure." But she looked very childish, lying there among the snowy pillows, her small hands folded over her breast, and her blue eyes closed in quiet meditation.

Rena Dare stooped over the still form, and her face was full of hatred. She clenched one hand, as though to strike, but, turning away, she took from the table the tumbler containing the sleeping-potion. Opening the vial which she produced, she dropped several drops of the liquid into the medicine, and with pale face and unsteady hand turned to administer the drink.

At that moment the door of the room opened, and Dr. Routh entered.

"Ah, good-evening!" he said cheerily. "I did not expect to return so soon, Miss Dare," taking the glass from her trembling hand. "You are looking fatigued. This constant care and watching will kill you. Rest a while, and let me attend to Mrs. Lorraine."

He placed the glass upon the table again, and, wheeling an easy-chair to the fireside, gently forced her to be seated. A sudden thought flashed through her brain, and she yielded without a word.

"The poison is already in the glass," she thought; "*he* will be the murderer—*not I!*"

The next morning Blanche Lorraine was found dead in her bed.

There was a grand funeral, no expense spared. The widower was inconsolable, and so was Rena Dare. Dr. Routh alone was unmoved and calm; but there were times when his face was a study.

Could the gaping, gossiping crowds that flocked to the "obsequies of the wealthy Mrs. Lorraine" have penetrated with their observing eyes the lid of the costly burial-case, they would have found, instead of the marble corpse of the once beautiful woman, a collection of blankets and pillows weighted down with a few indispensable weights; while in an obscure lodging in the rear of the city, attended by Dr. Routh's kind mother, the fragile form of Blanche Lorraine lay upon a snowy bed, with the knowledge of her husband's villainy rankling in her heart.

It had been the plot of Dr. Routh, who, instead of administering the poisoned draught to the sick woman, had given her a small powder, the effect of which was to throw her into a cataleptic state. Lying on a couch, awaiting the burial-casket, she had overheard her husband and his wicked accomplice as they conversed at her side and revealed their horrible crime. Then Dr. Routh had carried out his plan. Before the lid of the burial-case had been fastened, he, with the assistance of a trusty friend, had removed her from the house and filled the coffin with the weighted blankets, which was been buried in the costly family-vault of the Lorraines. Six months after the supposed death of his wife, Mark Lorraine led Rena Dare to the altar. It was a grand wedding, and the immense church was filled with the usual melee of such "select occasions." When the voice of the officiating minister was heard, solemn and grave: "If any man can show just cause why they may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak," a slender figure, robed in black, advanced slowly down the aisle, and, pausing beside the bridal party, threw back her heavy veil, and stood, without a word, beside them. There was a terrible shriek of agony as Mark Lorraine fell to the floor. The crowd rushed forward and raised him up, but his temple had struck some sharp projection, the blood rushed from a dreadful wound, and there, at the foot of the altar which he was about to desecrate, the would-be murderer was dead. They carried Rena Dare away, shrieking in the madness of insanity, which the apparition of the supposed dead woman had caused, and one year after she died in an insane asylum.

Blanche took possession of her own property, and then turned her back on America, and for years she wandered over the world, her only companion the mother of the man who had saved her from death. And when once more she stood upon her native shores, and Dr. Routh came to her and told her of his long love, and years of patient waiting, in spite of all the suffering of her past she could not say him nay. The life which he had saved was his—henceforth and forever.

## WEDDED, BUT STILL NO HUSBAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE DOCTOR.

Charley S—— and Tom J—— were very familiar friends, and Charley, being a thoughtless, idle and genial, young fellow, often met with difficulties which compelled him to seek the more sober-minded Tom's advice.

One day, not long ago, Charley came to Tom, saying:

"Tom, my dear fellow, I've put my foot in it again. Blamed if I aint gone and promised to marry Widow Simpkins' daughter Molly, just because I heard the old lady say: 'If a young fellow didn't intend to marry a girl, he was no man and no gentleman to be keeping company with her, to the exclusion of other fellows who had more honorable intentions.'"

"Well, why don't you marry her, then?" asked Tom, shortly.

"That's just what I want you to help me out of," replied Charley.

"The mischief you do! How can I help you out of marrying her?"

"No, I don't mean that. I don't want you to help me *not* to marry her, but to help me out of the difficulty that prevents my doing so."

"Oh, that's it! Well, what's the difficulty?"

"Well, you see, Widow Simpkins has plenty of money, and gives Molly plenty of fine clothes, therefore she can get married easy enough. But my old dad is poor, and, as I do no work, I aint got any nice duds. All I have is a nice ruffled-bosom shirt and a pair of Oxford ties; but, barring Adam, I never heard of a man leading a young bride to the altar, in his shirt and shoes alone, to be married. The ruffles on my shirt-bosom won't make up for pants and coat, you know."

"Oh, I see," said Tom laughingly; "you want pants and coat to be married in. Well, there's Jack Sawyer, he's a fashionable duck—borrow his pants. They'll just fit you. Tell him you want them for a cousin of yours to wear on the occasion. Then there's Bill Thorne; he's just your size, and he's got a stylish coat—borrow it for your 'cousin' too."

"Yes; but all the other fellows who know me will know the clothes aint mine, and will make fun of me for borrowing," replied Charley.

"Oh, you can fix them easy enough. Go around to all of them and borrow the best coat and pants of each for one relative or another, and tell them you're going to invite the whole of them to the wedding-dinner as soon as the ceremony is over. That will encourage them to lend, and at the same time keep them from coming until invited. Of course, after you are married you can easily forget to send back the borrowed clothes till the following day, and by that means you won't have to give them any wedding-dinner, and they won't be able to call any wedding-dinner, and they won't be able to call on you, for the want of their good clothes. Your everyday suit will do you for the day after the wedding, and for all future time; and, if then you don't feel like sending back the borrowed duds, you can go right into business on your own hook, by starting a second-hand gentlemen's-furnishing store."

"But they may have me arrested for obtaining goods by false representations," interrupted Charley thoughtfully, for the first time in his life.

"That they can't do," retorted Tom encouragingly, "for you can prove by me that your representations were truthful. I can swear that you were married, that you did need the clothes, and that you might have returned them had you not forgotten to do so through a press of other matters on your mind."

"Yes; but my not doing so—where's the reason or that?"

"Why, reason plenty; that's the easiest part of the whole. Every man that gets married is supposed to have his mind and hands full of more and more important things than to be bothering with such matters during his honeymoon. His memory and everything else is expected to be either deranged or otherwise employed; therefore, every law, human and divine, will make allowance for his forgetfulness."

"Well, if you will stand by me, 'give me away' as the saying is, and see me through, I'll make it all right with you, old fellow, after I get Molly, and Widow Simpkins' cash to keep me from marrying Molly, fully determined to carry out the plan of securing a fine wedding-suit to grace his lazy though manly form.

In due time Charley had more wedding-suits than he knew what to do with, and a great many more than the law required any poor, idle young man should have without first having earned or paid for them. The wedding came off; Charley was happy and drunk—too happy and too drunk to remember anything—not even of having borrowed, let alone of returning, his plumage to the lawful owners.

Tom did "give him away,"

# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1876.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **Letters seeking information** replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

READ HORSE.—"1. Erie and Saunderds play game of ball. At the end of fourth inning Saunderds 'kick' on decision of umpire and refuse to play. Umpire decides game 9 to 0 in favor of Eries. Don't anyone that was on Eries win? And can't they collect stakes? 2. A bets ☞ $20 to $5 Saunderds get one run in the same game. Is it a draw? 3. A bets B total score is 16. Are not the bets made on and lost? The stand taken by parties interested is: No game, no innings." ..... The bets are made on the game, not made on the result, as being laid as to the contingencies of the fractional part of a game. As soon as a game is won drive Nassau, Warren, Chief or Shelby (formerly Nashville Girl), the parties that were with the Nassaus at Cleveland races the last of July last." ..... David Muckle, Lexington, Ky., driver; owner, E. Z. Simmons, Hoffman House, corner of City. But Belle must win the third heat, the latter is now May Queen, and Charles Green, her trainer and driver, can be found at Babylon, L. I.

TANNOUT, St. J.—"1. A and B are playing partners C deals and takes up and goes alone. A makes the first trick, and plays his hand out without discuss. C claims that B reneged, and claims four. B having renegged, is C entitled to four? ..... Yes; otherwise a player could purposely revoke, throw up his hand, and call upon the lone-hand to take two (the usual penalty for a revoke), when by play he might have made four.

CONSTANT QUERY.—Jim Coburn and Jack Looney fought near St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 8, 1858, the number of rounds contested being 61, and Coburn winning. They fought again, Nov. 27, same year, 70 rounds in 75 minutes, darkness causing a postponement of the finish; and when they met again, Nov. 30, they couldn't agree on a referee (the former one declining to serve), the stakes being afterwards drawn.

J. W., Providence.—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Wheelock has been married but a few years. His wife is not a professional. Cannot say whether his parents are living or not. They are not professionals. 8. The route of the Varieties Theatre Company up to Jan. 1, 1877, is unknown as yet. 9. Which will last until about May next, in New Orleans. 10. It was published in THE CLIPPER a few weeks ago. 6. Miss Rosa Wand is not married.

X. Y. Z., Birmingham.—We never answer questions by mail or telegraph, and, furthermore, we never answer them in the manner directed. If the Orange Club beats the other club five runs, G must pay $10; if the Orange Club does not so beat, H must pay G $10. As to the bet that we would decide that G must pay $10 (whether the Orange Club wins by five runs or not), merely because G said "he would pay if he lost," that does not count.

WM. BYRNE, West Phila.—1. No; it was in his fight with Morrissey that Yankee Sullivan became involved in a fight between the seconds, and did not accept the call of "time," whereupon the referee, after waiting the prescribed number of seconds, declared Morrissey the winner. 2. In the Hyer-Sullivan fight the number of rounds contested was 16, and the time 17m. 18sec.

PEDRO, Cartoondale.—"In a three-handed game of sanchopedro A has 7 to make and B 11. A bids S 10 and pitches the ace, then agrees the game. B then loses the five to A. The five is low. Who wins the money?" ..... A, with his low.

ORIGINAL, Lowell.—The player to the right of the dealer should cut the cards in a four-handed game of cribbage.

GREENPOINT.—"A bets B that the Plymouth Rock steamboat is limited by law not to carry more than one thousand passengers. Please state what amount she is confined to by law, and that will cover the bet. 2. I would ask the same in regard to the steamer Long Branch." ..... 1. A loses. Without going to the trouble of hunting up the Plymouth Rock papers, it is safe to say that she is licensed to carry scarce two thousand people than one thousand. The yearly Inspectors' Certificate is no criterion of the carrying capacity of excursion or day-liner routes, such as Rockaway and, for, in addition to that certificate, any boat can obtain a special permit to carry more.

SPARTACUS, Brooklyn.—1. The descriptions of Wagner's Theatre in Haymarket as far received in this country have only been general. No dimensions in feet and inches have been given; therefore we cannot tell you the size of the stage. 2. The contractor took at his hand before casting the trump, so as to decide whether he shall take up the joker or turn it down. 3. Edwin Booth will probably act in this city this season. 4. Rossi speaks the Italian language while acting. 5. You are in error in supposing that Sims Reeves, the English tenor, has ever been in this country. 6. We have no back numbers on hand.

VIEUX MOUSQUETAIRE, Warren.—"A club has completed its ninth inning. Its score at the end of eighth inning was say 23 to 18 in favor of A. B club commences its half of ninth inning, and has made say 2 tallies. At least, they had neither equaled nor exceeded their opponent's score. Darkness intervenes and umpire calls game. Which wins? This was an amateur game." ..... The score at the close of the eighth inning decides the contest.

C. W. H., Cleveland.—1. There is no difference between the League clubs and the Buckeye, Star and Ithaca Clubs, so far as their status as professionals are concerned. 2. A ball falling on the home-plate is foul, as it is neither "in front of nor on the foul-ball line." 3. They are hired for the season, beginning in March and ending in November. 4. He has not. He has merely to make three points before he can count any at all.

CONSTANT READER.—"1. How many horses were entered in the \$1 million race of Sept. 15, 1874? 2. How many started? 3. Who got second money? 4. How did Smuggler sell in the big pool sold at Boston the night before the race, when Mashrifon Gift sold for $1,000?" ..... 1. Sixteen. 2. Six. 3. Phil Sheridan. 4. We keep no record of pool-selling. You live where the reputed pool was sold, and where the race was trotted. Why not inquire there?

W. G.—"1. Dominoes (muggins). There is a five played on each end, and the game is—A, 5; B, 15, to go out. A plays. He has got the five-six in his hand, but draws and gets the five blank. That puts him out. Is the game played correctly or not? 2. In playing draw, is a man allowed to draw as many as he pleases?" ..... 1. No: A could not draw, at muggins, when it was his to play. 2. Under the draw game, he can draw as many pieces as he pleases.

H. L. F., New Brunswick.—We thank you for the interest you express in our behalf, and would add that the number of free copies required of each issue did not meet our views of what is fair and just in business transactions, and we declined to contribute to the stock of the concern. If you had a contemporary stand within the Centennial grounds, you would scarcely ask another dealer to send you "sugar" free, every day—now, would you?

F. K., Newark.—1. Time and money are required for the proper cultivation of the voice. 2. Prominent vocalists have risen from the chorus, but the instances are not many. 3. \$3 per night for a capable singer. Seek the advice of the leading professional people in your town. If possessed of an excellent voice, you may secure their cooperation in furthering your studies.

SALEM.—1. Both parties bets that the dealer loses his deal in case he misdeals, and the other that he does not." ..... It is a draw. The dealer may or may not lose his deal, at the discretion of the dealer, on his immediate left. There are, however, certain circumstances under which such a wager could be won and lost. The forgoing statement falls to mention any such circumstance.

W. G. H., Utica.—"Is there any agreement into which it is necessary to be at a certain place in the morning, the one being last to forfeit one dollar. A gets there first on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday morning. B gets there first on Thursday. A arrives first on Friday and Saturday. How much does A win?" ..... If the agreement was as to every one of six days, A is entitled to four dollars.

A. H. T., Lockport.—"I bet the Syracuse Stars would beat the St. Louis Reds 2 to 1." The game came out 1 to 0 in favor of the Stars." ..... You lose, if it is left to our decision. Our rule is that to win a two-to-one bet, a two-to-one, the club representing the layer of odds must show at least two runs in the one case, and at least ten in the other, like whether the score of the opposing side be 9 or 0.

H. R. L., Pembroke.—"If two players leave the ground before a game is finished, without consent of the captain or any of the players opposing them, and not in consequence of illness or injury, can they be put out? Or must they take their position at the bat in their order of striking?" ..... Yes; unless substitutes are allowed to take their places.

BRAINARD HOUSE, Willimantic.—"T bets B that Smuggler has not trotted in 2:15. In your last week's paper, Smuggler's fastest time, 2:15, is correct. Is Smuggler's fastest time in the race at Hartford, reported last week in our turf columns, when he made 2:15¼, 2:17, 2:16¾ (the latter a dead heat).

J. F., Boston.—1. The last Boston and Cricket game, bet was as follows: A bet B that the Bostons would win or tie in one inning. The game, as you know, resulted in a tie in five innings (2 to 2), and was therefore drawn. You lose, unless the Bostons made their two runs in one inning. If they did that, you win.

DORSAY, Jersey City.—The comedy of "David Garrick" was written for Mr. Sothern by E. Y. Robertson, and that version is Mr. Sothern's exclusive property. Still, as it cannot be copyrighted in this country, any person so disposed could play it. George Boniface and W. H. Lingard have played it.

SPORTER, Brooklyn.—Address "Secretary of American Jockey Club, 59 Wall street, New York." For date, send a programme, which, if you inclose stamp, you will probably get gratis. There is no book that will post you on horseracing.

A. C., Corsicana.—"Which was the largest ship ever built before the Great Eastern, and of how many tons burthen?" ..... The steamship Persia of the Cunard line. Have not her exact displacement, but it is between eight and twelve hundred tons larger than any other vessel of that line at the time she was launched (1855).

C. C., Omaha.—"Poker, but not table-stakes. A borrows money from a party, and bets B he will secure, and C bets A \$10 more. A tries to borrow \$10 to call C, and can't get any more money. Can A get a sight for the money he has, or does he get no sight?" ..... It is used every reasonable effort to borrow, and failed, he is entitled to a sight.

ENQUIRER, Chicago.—"1. The difference in numbers between Philadelphia and Chicago and Boston insertion. 2. Also if England's indebtedness is larger than that of any other country in the world?" ..... 1. Last U. S. Census—Philadelphia, 674,22; Chicago, 298,983. 2. Yes.

H. B., Lynn.—You could not command any salary until you made some reputation. Apply personally to some manager, show him what you can do, solicit an engagement, and, if one is offered, accept any salary that may be named.

G. J. B., London.—The band of the British Grenadier Guards of England, under the leadership of Dan Godfrey, performed the name of William Tell, in only one concert, at the Academy of Music Friday evening, July 5, 1872. They sailed for England the next day.

OLD CONSTANT READER, Chicago.—The best four-oared time, in a six-mile turning race, is 39:26 3-5 by the St. John Paris crew. 2. The best three-mile, single-scull time, one turn, is 20¾, made by T. Hanlon of Toronto, Ont., at Philadelphia, July 6, 1876.

T. H. T., Clinton, Ky.—"Inform me as to the time of departure of steamships from New York to Port Limon, Costa Rica, Central America, and the nearest port to it. Can find no steamers advertised. Address J. S. Tucker & Co., 54 Pine street, this city. No answers by mail.

HENRY EVANS, Philadelphia.—1. Parties would not be allowed to participate in an amateur race. 2. At the championship meeting of the N. J. A. A., held at Ridgewood, N. J., July 5, 1875, W. B. Curtis won the 100-yds. race, and C. H. Jones in the final heat. Time, 10¾ sec.

GRAY'S FERRY, Phila.—"1. Is euchre an American or a German game? 2. Is it in Hoyle or not?" ..... 1. Unknown. Supposed to have originated in the Southwestern States. 2. Not in Edward Hoyle's book, but in that called "American Hoyle."

INQUIRER AND READER.—Your opponent was right. For your revoke (the trick having been turned and quitted), he could take three tricks from your pile and add them to his own, or could take three points from your score, or could add three points to his own score. Such is the law.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—1. There is no such vessel. 2. We do not know. There may be one or two coming in this season, and a number of mainstopmasts reached as high as 175ft. 3. The Mohawk, when under full sail, spread 32,325 square yards of canvas.

CARPET FACTORY.—"T bets that Horatio Seymour was a candidate for member of Assembly in the county of New York, and B bets that he was not." ..... B loses. Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour ran for the Assembly in this city in 1872, one man only being high from the ticket.

J. M. P. T., Buffalo.—Any dealer in plays can supply you. Inquire at the box-office of the Academy of Music in your city, or at any book-store for sale. As to the permanent success as a star it is necessary to act for some time in a stock company to learn stage business.

F. V. M., Maynard.—1. Several persons have turned triple somersaults, using the spring-board. None have accomplished that feat without its aid. No charge. 2. *Bell's Life in London* will cost you, delivered in this city, about \$7 per annum.

DECLINED.—"That Floweret," "The Influential Irishman," "The Starving Poor of America," "Darling Evadene," "The Ambitious Youth," "Lady Adaline," "The South of Ireland Couple."

OLD HICK, Phila.—"Auction. A, B, and C have each one to go. A is dealer. B bids two. C passes. B buys for two. B makes high game. C makes low game. Who cut first—B or C?" ..... A is out first, B next, and C is left.

E. I. T., Milwaukee.—"Two men out. A on second base. B to bat, struck for three bases, but tried to come home. Centre field throws to second base, and he threw home, putting striker out. Does A's tally count?" ..... Yes.

C. B. L., Portland.—"The best time Nihan Allen ever made?" ..... 2:25¾, is his best in harness; but he once made 2:15 when having a horse along with him to pull the sulky.

QUICK, Chicago.—James W. Wallack Jr., the well-known actor, was a cousin of Lester Wallack. He died in a sleeping-car while en route from Aiken, S. C., to this city, May 23, 1873.

F. L., Cincinnati.—Mme. Claude and her daughter Angeline went some years ago to England. She is now living in retirement in London, and her daughter, now a widow, resides in the Grand Theatre.

PROFESSIONAL, Parkersburg.—There have been so many troupes of Georgia Minstrels, all claiming to be "original," before the public in past few years, that we can give you no information on the subject.

SLOCUM, Washington.—George L. Fox, who held a commission in the Eighth Regiment, N. G., N. Y., served for a few months with that regiment during our late Civil War.

UNCLE JOHN, New Orleans.—We do not attend to any agency business, and cannot give you the price of such jewelry.

SUBSCRIBER, Seattle.—Lester Wallack's father's name was James W., and he had a cousin named James W. Jr., both were actors. He has no son on the stage.

FOOTLIGHT, New Haven.—We can give you no recipe to stain the skin the desired color, so that it will not wash off, and yet be harmless.

CORRESPONDENT, Philadelphia.—Get the manager of some theatre in your city to read your play, and if it possesses merit he may be induced to produce it.

"COMPTON, Cincinnati.—Stephen W. Ashley died in Detroit, Mich., Nov. 14, 1873. He was a good actor. Boothroyd Fairclough—'s in Australia.

KEW YORK.—Fair hair. Unlawfully. When he is performing, you will find his whereabouts recorded in THE CLIPPER. S. B. Vila married Miss Agnes Wallace.

T. W. GRIFFIN.—1. Bob Brettle arrived at this port from England Sept. 7, 1868, and sailed again for the Old Country May 15, 1869. 2. We do not think he ever sparred at the Stadt Theatre.

M. McDERMOTT, St. Petersburg.—Joe Goss and Tom Allen first fought together in the Bristol District, Eng., March 5, 1867, the mill lasting 1h. 52m., 34 rounds, and ending in a draw.

JOSEPH E. BELMOR, Vallejo.—1. Dooney Harris and Tommy Chandler fought April 13, 1867. 2. It was a typographical error, as was apparent from the fact of it being placed among the dates for 1867, and before those of 1868.

C. B. S., Rochester.—"If a foul ball rebounds from the back stop after having touched the ground, and is caught, is it out? And also, if it touches the back-stop only, and is caught, is it out?" ..... Yes; in both cases.

J. C. S., Omaha.—"Rain prevents the proceeding of a game of ball by championship at the close of the first inning—score, 1 to 1. Has the umpire of said game the power of calling that game at any future date?" ..... No.

F. B., Cincinnati.—"A bets B, and they unite upon C as referee. C decides in favor of A. B then offers to bet C from one to ten dollars. Is C, under the rules of betting, compelled to bet B?" ..... No.

GEORGE AND JOHN.—"I met with a countryman, and played a game of euchre with him. He would not pay the suit, and said it was the right way to play the game, and I bet him it was not." ..... You win.

W. T. MASON, Lasalle.—Tom Allen and Charley Gallagher fought in or near St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 23, 1869, for \$2,000, Allen being knocked out of time in the second round. 2. Allen was born in 1841, and Gallagher in 1845.

H. R., Hoboken.—Our files of October, 1871, fail to mention that the first was the case; and, as to the second, we keep no directory of business-houses throughout the United States.

W. R., Easthampton.—"1. What was Hayes' majority over Allen in Ohio at the last election for Governor? 2. Was R. B. Hayes ever a member of the U. S. Senate?" ..... 1. 5,844. 2. No.

A CONSTANT READER, Boston.—1. No. 2 He could not croquet again until he had gone through a wicket. 3. Yes, in turn. 4. No: It is "doors," and can be made nothing else. 5. Can have two pies.

J. S., Boston.—1. The clubs have been mentioned in Boston papers, but it does not follow that any misrepresentation we should be glad to know of it. 2. George Wright is generally considered the better player.

C. S. R. OSSERT.—"In a recent game of cribbage A played a 5 to a king, A 6 to B's 4, A 8 to B's 2. A cannot play, when B plays a 5 and claims a sequence of 5 points. Is he entitled to them?" ..... Yes.

S. P. B.—"What was American Girl's quickest time, and what track, giving date?" ..... 1. 2:16¾, Island Park Course, near Albany, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1874.

G. H., Loomis.—"A bets that McLaughlin will win; B bets he will not. The match was a draw. Now, which wins?" ..... B wins, on this statement.

D. JONES, New York.—Mr. Van Opstal, 4 Lewis street, this city, can furnish you with full particulars as to the Antwerp breed of carrier-pigeons.

WM. B. E.—1. Weston never, to our knowledge, attempted to walk 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours. 2. No one ever accomplished the feat in this country.

SORTING HOUSE, Milford.—1. Allen and Mace fought as opponents once only, Mace winning. 2 Bets on the result are governed by the referee's decision.

G. R. M.—"Which is the original name, Hurl Gate or Hell Gate?" ..... Hell Gate, it the channel past Hallett's Point, Astoria, is meant.

T. D., Lawrence.—One foul strike gives a man out under the League rules, and two under the Amateur code. Its deposits on which code you were playing under.

R. B. B., Washington.—"N bets B that he will make a spare. *He rolls* and makes a strike. Who wins?" ..... N.

PHILADELPHIA.—1. The Paris crew of St. John, N. B., received that name from participation in the races on the Seine, at the time of the Paris Exposition, in 1867. 2. They were beaten by Renforth's English crew in a match race at Lachine, Canada, Sept. 13, 1870.

F. V. L., Utica.—Men wilfully throwing himself down without receiving a blow commits a foul. A man with one hand and one knee on the ground, or with both knees on the ground, is down.

CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia.—In the fight between Bill Hayes and Johnny Walker, in England, in 1856, six rounds were fought in 2 hours 28 minutes 10 seconds.

F. F. F., Philadelphia.—Jack Keenan knocked King out of time in the seventeenth round, and nearly if not quite five minutes elapsed before he came to the scratch.

J. W., Troy.—Enos the nadivity of Tom, Jack's parents.

H. J. O.—They are propelled by treadle, in the usual way. The forward wheel is much larger than the rear—sometimes five feet in diameter.

T. M. S.—The aggregate scores made by the Irish and American teams in the rifle match at Dollymount, Ireland, in 1875, were Irish, 992; American, 969.

JOHN BYRNE, Jr., Chicago.—Heenan fought in the ring three times, losing twice, and the third—with Sayers—being a draw. 2. Fifteen or sixteen. 3. No.

SUBSCRIBER, Reading.—1. He was right-handed, and sparred with the left foot advanced—the usual way. 2. They share gate-money.

DARSWIN, Montreal.—The late George Brown was bow oarsman of the Halifax crew which rowed in the international regatta in that harbor in the Summer of 1871.

JOHN SMITH JR., Chicago.—1. Jim Mace was beaten by John Prat Smith, at Prat Kiln, Kent, Eng., each of whom he has also defeated. 2. Coburn never fought Allen.

PAT SHANKS, Brooklyn.—Mace and Coburn fought twelve rounds near Key West, Miss., Nov. 30, 1871, the battle ending in a draw.

J. B., Boston.—1. In a pair-oared race each man uses but one oar. 2. No: it would be double-sculling if both men in each boat used two oars.

SUBSCRIBER, Louisville.—John C. (not Tom) Heenan was beaten by John Morrissey at Point Abino, Canada, Oct. 20, 1858.

H. H., Stottville.—The ball must be held in hand before the base-runner touches the base, or the latter is not out.

J. G. Mc., Evanstown.—You can sue, and in all probability get judgment. But as you would have to consult a lawyer in any event, better begin to do so at once.

W. G. Jr., Cincinnati.—"Is there a law prohibiting the sale of base-runner touches the base, or the latter is not out.

WM. McQ., Boston.—1. They fought at 124lb. 2. If you give us the man's name, perhaps we can inform.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Brooklyn.—The ballad entitled "Kisses" was first acted on any stage at the Brooklyn (L. I.) Theatre, Sept. 4.

M. BORTS.—Some of the rhymes are "uncongenial," and the measure is occasionally faulty. A little more care in your next may meet with more favorable consideration.

TOBY.—"Who polled the greatest number of votes on the Aldermanic ticket last spring?" ..... Samuel A. Lewis of Jacob Hess?" ..... Hess led the ticket, and Lewis came next.

THE BOSS, Chillicothe.—1. Items of news are always acceptable. 2. [illegible]

A SUBSCRIBER, Morristown.—Three trays and two sizes are worth 18 points in a game of cribbage.

H. H., Boston.—We do not publish biographical notices of professionals in this department.

F. P. D., St. Louis.—"In cutting for deal at seven-up, does high or low deal?" ..... High.

F. F., Philadelphia.—We do not know what Louis Shaw the billiardist is doing just now.

A CONSTANT READER, Lafayette.—The nine refusing to play forfeit the game, 9 to 0.

EVERELL.—Flogging has not yet been abolished in the English navy.

SUBSCRIBER, Syracuse.—That party won who bet that the St. Louis Club would not be beaten by two to one.

CLIPPER READER.—We should be glad to know about the clubs in question.

HARRY LEE, Washington.—All bets upon the result of fight must be paid as the battle-money is awarded.

READER.—We know nothing of the firms further than that they advertise.

A. D. HOOPER.—We publish all the information we could procure.

Y. X. X., Wappinger's Falls.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC will tell you all about it.

E. M. GREEN, Dover.—1. None that we know of. 2. C. B. Elliott, Greenpoint, L. I.; George Roahr, this city.

D. F., Philadelphia.—The Courtney of Union Springs, N. Y., is an amateur oarsman.

WABASH, Toledo.—Luther was ahead at the time the foul occurred between him and Wright.

GAS HOUSE.—Sam Collyer fought Billy Edwards three times.

S. D. C.—"Which card is the highest in cutting for deal at euchre?" ..... The highest euchre card, which is jack.

A. J. M.—The song you name is a MS., and the property of Charles Mathews.

LARRY, Indianapolis.—It is purely a matter of opinion who is the best song-and-dance performer before the public.

G. W. B., St. Louis.—The lady is living, and a letter addressed to her in care of this office should reach her.

CHAS. BLANDIN, Cincinnati.—See the history of the principals in our report of the fight.

FUTURE, Philadelphia.—We would advise you to stick to your present business.

AMERICAN.—We cannot give you their birthplaces, but we do not believe any one of them was born in England.

P. W. GRIFFIN, St. Louis.—The fight having been decided in Goss' favor, you win the bet.

WM. McQ., Boston.—1. They fought at 124lb. 2. If you give us the man's name, perhaps we can inform.

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SYRACUSE

TOURNEY IN BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Arrangements are now being perfected for holding a baseball tournament at the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, E. D., commencing Monday, Sept. 25. Premiums amounting to $1,200 are offered (to first-class clubs only)—$500 to first, $300 to second, $200 to third, $150 to fourth $100 to fifth. An entrance-fee of $10 will be charged in all cases, and must accompany the entry. Entries close Wednesday, Sept. 20. It is desirous that all entries be made as soon as possible. Not less than seven clubs to constitute a field. Clubs such as the Chelseas, Bridgeports, Stars of Syracuse, Illions, Lowells, and organizations of relative merit and ability only are desired. Address C. D. Rogers, secretary, 260 Court street, Brooklyn.

ST. LOUIS VS. ITHACA.—The St. Louis Browns and Ithacas had it again at Elmira, N. Y., on 2d inst., resulting in the defeat of the Ithacas, who outplayed the Browns, and lost the game through several very bad errors and heavy batting in the latter part.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ithaca..... | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 0—10 |
| St. Louis.. | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 0—12 |

Earned runs—Ithaca, 3. Umpire, E. Cuthbert, St. Louis Club.

HUDSON VS. WINONA.—The contest between these amateur clubs at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 9, resulted in the appended score. The Hudsons scored eight runs in the last inning after two men were out, it being almost impossible to see the ball on account of darkness.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Winona..... | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 3 | — | 8 |
| Hudson..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 5 | — | 8—13 |

Umpire, James Morris, Union of Unionville.

ALLEGHENY VS. STANDARD.—A victory for the home club was the result of a game contested at Allegheny, Pa., Sept. 4, between the cracks of that place and the Standards of Wheeling, W. Va.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Allegheny..... | 0 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | —8 |
| Standard..... | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —1 |

ALLEGHENY VS. ENTERPRISE.—These Allegheny (Pa.) clubs met opponents in a game contested on the 8th:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Allegheny..... | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | —7 |
| Enterprise..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | —1 |

Base-hits—Allegheny, 10; Enterprise, 8. Errors—Allegheny, 11; Enterprise, 11. Umpire, John Guise.

EAST END VS. FIREFLY.—These Cincinnati, O., clubs played on the 6th inst., with this result:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| East End..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 3 | —6 |
| Firefly..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | —4 |

THERE IS A COMMUNICATION in our care for R. Maas of the Resolute B. B. Club.

# CRICKET.

## ST. GEORGE vs. STATEN ISLAND.

These clubs played two games together on Sept. 9, one being the return match between their first elevens, and the other being that between their second elevens. The former, played at Staten Island, the St. George were short the services of Messrs. Gibbes, Soutter, Cashman and Mostyn, and they were defeated, with ten wickets to fall. The Staten Islands were assisted by a Manhattan player. The score is appended:

| First Inning. | St. George. | Second Inning. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dance, run out..... | 2 | c. Donald b. Ronaldson..... | 3 |
| Giles, prof., ret. out..... | 16 | st. Wheeler b. Ronaldson.... | 0 |
| Richardson b. Brewster.. | 0 | c. Sprague b. Brewster..... | 0 |
| Marsh c. Stevens b. Brewster..... | 1 | b. Ronaldson..... | 10 |
| Moeran c. (sub.) b. Brewster..... | 0 | c. Sprague b. Ronaldson.... | 2 |
| Hawley b. Sprague..... | 0 | c. Sprague b. Ronaldson.... | 1 |
| Harcourne b. Brewster.. | 0 | c. Ronaldson b. Brewster... | 0 |
| Jonas b. Brewster..... | 0 | not out..... | 2 |
| Gracie b. Brewster..... | 1 | st. Wheiman b. Brewster.. | 0 |
| Welch c. Ronaldson b. Brewster..... | 0 | c. Sprague b. Ronaldson... | 0 |
| Johnson, absent..... | 0 | b. Ronaldson..... | 0 |
| Byes, 9; leg byes, 1..... | 10 | | |
| Total..... | 36 | Total..... | 21 |

| Staten Islands. | Second Inning. | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Moore c. Moeran, b. Giles.. | 18 | | |
| Romilly b. Giles..... | 3 | | |
| Whelan c. Baden b. Richardson..... | 5 | not out..... | 4 |
| Denald c. Richardson b. Giles..... | 0 | | |
| Lee, run out..... | 13 | | |
| Brewster (prof.), run out.. | 0 | | |
| Stevens b. Giles..... | 0 | | |
| Roberts b. Marsh..... | 0 | | |
| Ronaldson, not out..... | 4 | not out..... | 4 |
| Salisbury c. Dance b. Giles | 0 | | |
| Sprague c. Giles..... | 0 | | |
| Byes, 3; leg byes, 2..... | 5 | leg bye..... | 1 |
| Total..... | 49 | Total..... | 9 |

| | St. George. | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First inning..10 | 15 | 18 | 21 | 24 | 34 | 36 | 36 | 36 | 36 | —36 |
| Second inning. | 4 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 16 | 16 | 19 | 19 | 21—21—57 |
| | Staten Island. | | | | | | | | | |
| First inning.. | 18 | 21 | 21 | 25 | 26 | 39 | 40 | 49 | 49 | 49—49 |
| Second inning. | | | | | | | | | | 9—58 |

In the second-eleven match, played at Hoboken, N. J., the Staten Island Club had to draw upon the assistance of substitutes. Score:

| First Inning. | Second Inning. | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Adams i. b. w. b. Fryatt.. | 4 | b. Holman..... | 15 |
| Peters c. and b. Borie.. | 1 | not out..... | 33 |
| Whitlock b. Fryatt..... | 0 | c. Borie b. Holman..... | 1 |
| Power c. Borie b. Fryatt.. | 1 | b. Borie..... | 6 |
| Outerbridge (sub) c. and b. Borie..... | 0 | b. Gee..... | 5 |
| Mott b. Fryatt..... | 0 | retired..... | 0 |
| Seward, not out..... | 1 | c. Roberts b. Fryatt..... | 5 |
| Gilliet b. Fryatt..... | 0 | b. Fryatt..... | 0 |
| Blackwell (sub) b. Fryatt.. | 0 | b. Holman..... | 10 |
| Kirkland (sub) b. Saterthwait..... | 0 | b. Fryatt..... | 1 |
| Campbell (sub) c. Gee b. Fryatt..... | 8 | c. and b. Rutty..... | 3 |
| Byes, 3; l. b. 2; Wides, 1.. | 6 | 7 B., 8; l. b., 2; w., 5; n. b., 1.. | 16 |
| Total..... | 36 | Total..... | 106 |

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1st inning..... | 7 | 7 | 10 | 22 | 32 | 32 | 36 | 36 | 36 | 36—36 |
| 2d inning..... | 0 | 10 | 11 | 22 | 43 | 47 | 76 | 81 | 91 | —91—127 |

| First Inning. | St. George's. | Second Inning. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Satterthwaite b. Power.. | 0 | not out..... | 3 |
| Holman b. Peters..... | 0 | c. Power b. Peters..... | 0 |
| Roberts b. Kirtland b. Adams..... | 13 | b. Peters..... | 0 |
| Gilbert Jr. c. Peters b. Whitlock..... | 2 | | |
| Borie c. (sub.) b. Power.. | 2 | c. Peters b. Power..... | 9 |
| Henry c. and b. Whitlock | 13 | | |
| Gee b. Whitlock..... | 4 | | |
| Evans, run out..... | 3 | | |
| Fryatt c. and b. Blackwell b. Whitlock..... | 5 | | |
| Marton, not out..... | 4 | | |
| Bennett c. Whitlock b. Seward..... | 8 | | |
| B., 11; l. b., 4; w., 3; n. b., 1 | 19 | byes, 1; wides, 2.. | 3 |
| Total..... | 113 | Total..... | 15 |

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First inning.. | 0 | 5 | 40 | 58 | 78 | 90 | 91 | 97 | 100 | 113—113 |
| Second inning. | 9 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | —15 |

Umpires, Messrs. H. Warner and S. H. Osborne.

## PHILADELPHIA vs. VIRGINIA.

Eleven Englishmen residing in Virginia, and expert cricketers, visited Philadelphia the past week, for the purpose of enjoying some of their favorite sport. They were afforded an opportunity by the Philadelphia Club on the 8th inst:

| English. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Davenport b. Magee..... | 8 | Thompson, run out..... | 2 |
| Manning, run out..... | 1 | MacNeale, not out..... | 6 |
| Highton b. Magee..... | 0 | Toke b. Caldwell..... | 0 |
| Vidal b. Magee..... | 0 | Thompson b. Morris..... | 4 |
| Bush or Hopkinson b. Morris..... | 24 | Byes, 5; l. b., 3; w., 3; n. b., 1 | 12 |
| Wickham c. Welsh b. Law | 0 | Total..... | 63 |
| A'Court b. Law..... | 0 | | |

| Philadelphia. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Magee b. Manning..... | 33 | West c. Ma'ing b. Wick'm | 0 |
| Caldwell c. Bradley b. Highton..... | 19 | Law c. Davenport b. Manning..... | 59 |
| C. B. Baird c. Bradley b. Vidal..... | 33 | Morris b. Wickham..... | 0 |
| Sartori c. Highton b. Vidal | 33 | Clay, not out..... | 8 |
| Hopkinson b. Manning.. | 49 | Byes, 31; l. b., 17; w., 17.. | 58 |
| L. Baird b. Wickham.. | 9 | | |
| W. Welsh, not out..... | 12 | Total..... | 310 |

## MERION vs. P. R. R.

The veteran second eleven of the Merion Club defeated the Pennsylvania R. R. eleven in a game played at Ardmore, Philadelphia, Sept. 9.

| Pennsylvania Railroad. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| John C. Sims Jr., run out.. | 31 | Welsh, not out..... | 10 |
| Patterson c. Montgomery | 1 | Davis c. Williams b. Morris | 0 |
| b. Morris..... | 11 | De Armand, run out..... | 0 |
| Collins b. Morris..... | 0 | Robertson, not out..... | 0 |
| Peabody, run out..... | 4 | Wides..... | 2 |
| Green c. Wain b. Morris.. | 16 | | |
| Pinckney b. E. Sayres.... | 0 | Total..... | 109 |

| Merion. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Evans b. J. P. Sims..... | 0 | Garrigues b. Pinckney... | 14 |
| Wain b. Sims Jr..... | 2 | Collins b. Pinckney..... | 0 |
| Montgomery b. J. P. Sims | 7 | Morris c. Pinckney b. J. P. Sims..... | 0 |
| Ayres Jr. c. Collins b. Green..... | 10 | Johnson, run out..... | 2 |
| Williams, not out..... | 34 | Wides, 14; b., 16; n. b., 1 | 31 |
| Ewing b. Green..... | 0 | Total..... | 132 |

THE DISPUTED DECISION.—In a communication from Mr. Bance of the Staten Island eleven, who was playing at "point" on the occasion of the recent game with the Manhattan Club, in which Mr. Makin disputed the umpire's decision, Mr. Bance says: "The facts are as follows: Mr. Makin sent a ball to point and started to run. I fielded the ball and threw it to Mr. Whetham, who held it immediately, put down the wicket, and certainly before Mr. Makin grounded his bat. The umpire—Mr. Holman—promptly gave him out. Mr. Makin immediately disputed the decision, on the ground that the ball was off before Mr. Whetham put down the wicket. An appeal was made to the Manhattan umpire—the veteran Mr. Tilley—who at once decided that the ball was on before Mr. Whetham put the wicket down." The rule governing the play is: Rule II—"Or if, in running, the wicket be struck down by a throw, or by the hand or arm (with the ball in hand) before his bat (in hand) or some part of his person be *grounded* over the popping-crease. But if *both* balls be off, a stump must be struck out of the ground." Mr. Bance furthermore says: "I beg to differ with Mr. Makin respecting your remarks about the St. George and Manhattan match. I think they were well called for."

# BILLIARDS.

## SCRATCHES.

St. Louis has been enlivened by the presence of a professional named Carter, who is probably Eugene Carter of Toledo, and champion of Ohio. His exhibitions of skill have been confined mainly to Mussey's room, and on Sept. 6 he was to have played a leading amateur there.

.....Carter's room, this city, having been thoroughly overhauled, inclusive of frescoing and carpeting anew, was to have been formally reopened on the 11th inst.....

The suit of H. W. Collender against John E. Cairns of Boston, and involving the former's cushion-rights under the patent law, was on Sept. 2, in the U. S. Circuit Court of the Massachusetts District, decided adversely to the defendant, Judge Clifford rendering the decision.....Satisfied that there is more money in regular theatricals or the orthodox "variety show" than in exhibiting billiard-playing, Thomas L. Donnelly, who is long and favorably known, has associated himself with Frank Bowers, this city, and on Sept. 18.....Adrian A. Izar the finger player was at last accounts still confined to his house by the illness (rheumatism) with which he was seized upon returning from his professional visit to Newark, N. J., about seven weeks ago.....A room is to be opened in the Battle House, Mobile, Ala., by William Wynne, the well-known player and now proprietor of the Seaside House, Rockaway, L. I., had a severe tussle with the monte-players of the beach on the 3d inst. After capturing the monte-table pistol in one hand, he "slept on the field," while the manipulators of the trinity of shifting cards slept elsewhere for the night.....Ocean Grove, in the State of New Jersey's greatest camp-meeting, has as yet no billiard-room. This should be remedied next season. The absence of billiard-rooms has contributed to the rural beauty of Sea Cliff, L. I., as a camp-meeting ground.....Scanlon & Geary of Washington, D. C., have overhauled their room, twenty tables large, and anticipate a rush of business this Fall.....John J. Wizeman of this city will this week visit the Centennial in company with his family. Let him not omit to inspect the billiard-table from Russia.....Ralph Benjamin is catching blackfish and snapping-mackerel, on alternate days, off Portchester, Long Island Sound.....William Gallagher, once of the famous Tenth-street Rooms, this city, has converted the northeast corner of Third Avenue and Fourteenth street, which in many years has been many things and nothing long, into a wine-room.....George Mackenzie, proprietor of the second largest room in Washington street, Brooklyn, has adopted the time system, and charges forty cents per hour.....Pittsburg, Pa., has a patent billiard-marker for assisting such players as have defective memories with reference to number of games played.....Neil Bryant is expected to arrive here, by steamer from San Francisco, this week, having sailed on Aug. 17.....On Aug 31, in Hamilton, Ont., Davis beat James Phelan by 200 to 183, three-ball game, the best runs being 20 by the winner, and 18 by the loser. It was for the bear, and, like Gus Williams on the mouth-harmonicon, they will play "once more for the cigars."

.....The room of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Brooklyn, N. Y., has now five tables, two having recently been added.....James W. Collier, actor and ex-roomkeeper, last week lost a sister to whom he was more fervently attached. She was buried from St. Ann's Church, E. Twelfth street, this city, on the 9th inst.....Charles Conway's room, Eleventh street below Sansom, Philadelphia, having closed on Aug. 24, it is that gentleman's intention to open another room, provided he can find a suitable location on Chestnut street.....*The Mercury* of Philadelphia, in its issue of Sept. 10, states somewhat qualifiedly that Eugene Carter was then in that city, and that it had been "informed that he had recently been taken into camp by Louis Shaw (or no very small amount."

.....John Keane the setter-up was in that city last week.....A new room, to contain six 4½x9 tables, and to be managed by John Vente, is to be opened on Girard avenue, west of Eighth street, Philadelphia.....E. J. Flaskett is reported as doing a fair business with his pool table, on Sansom street, above Eighth, Philadelphia. It is surmised that there will be no award as to billiard-tables on exhibition at the Centennial until Oct. 6.....John O'Connor of the Union-square Rooms returned from Guelph, Canada, on Sept. 8.....Ex-Senator Michael Norton has been driving a heavy trade at Coney Island this Summer, while his room at the corner of Bleecker and Carmine streets has kept its end well up.

## SEXTON vs. SLOSSON.

Contracts with billiard manufacturers in Chicago are keeping these skillful players busy in that city. Emanuel Brunswick having offered them, as announced, a purse of $200, on the 6th and 7th inst. they played 1,000 points up, three-ball game, at his rooms, where seats had been arranged especially for the occasion. The match was split into halves, and on the first night Slosson scored 500 to Sexton's 135, the six other runs of Slosson being 158, 123, 97, 66, 36, and 11, while Sexton's were 69, 32, 12, 9, 5, and 1. This led *The Tribune* of that city into remarking that it was "the best game ever played in the West, and one of the best ever known in this country, the average having been surpassed only once or twice in a match of that length." No "average" to equal it has ever been made, either in a "match" or in any other kind of a three-ball game of that precise length (unless, as is barely possible, it was a mere practice game), except at the West Side Academy, Slosson's average was 29 7-11, and Sexton's 8 7-16. The latter figures, like the former, are not a record. Resuming play on the following night, Slosson reached the 1,000 mark while Sexton was at 563. The most noteworthy features of the second night's play were that Slosson, although making double figures no fewer than thirteen times, yet required twenty innings to finish the game, while Sexton scored nearly the whole of his points in two innings, his best runs being 373 and 118, and Slosson's 94. The "average" of the latter's game is therefore 18 5-35 for Sexton, and 27 28-36 for Slosson. It is perhaps needless to remark, and it is certainly not necessary to make comments in proof of it, that no other player than Slosson has ever "averaged" anything like 27 28-36 even in a three-ball exhibition game of 1,000 points or more, while but one player ever ventures to claim to have made so little as two-thirds of it. The latter made his "average" in a match, and still it is not a record. I do not deny that Slosson has improved very much since he played Daly in San Francisco, for then his best run was not twice as high as his average now in Chicago in a game almost twice as long.

At Thomas Foley's room, on Clark street, Slosson and Sexton on the 8th inst. played their first game under the contract entered into with a rival manufacturing house, that known as the J. M. Brunswick & Balke Company. According to its terms, this play having been three-ball games of 600 points, and one four-ball game of 2,000 points, the last-mentioned on a 6x12 four-pocket table, the winner of each receive a purse of $250. The first game, played on the 8th, was won by Sexton, who scored 600 to Slosson's 418. The averages were 17 5-35 and 11 28-35. The second game was by Slosson, and 190 and 186 by Sexton, whose "average" is the best ever made in a 600-point match of record in this country, if this is a match of record. The second game was to have been played on Sept. 9, and the third (that of 2,000 points) on Sunday night, Sept. 10—or so, at least, runs the announcement in the Chicago papers. The last game is a novelty. It is nearly three years and a half since there has been a four-ball game of 2,000 points, and nearly nine years since there has been a match on a 6x12 table, barring English table or English game.

# AQUATIC.

## HALIFAX vs. LONDON.

Upon the reception of the news of the result of the race between the Halifax, N. S., and Thames, Eng., four-oared crews in the race at Philadelphia, Sept. 6, great excitement prevailed at the home of the former, and much indignation was expressed at what they deemed the injustice of the referee's decision. Feeling convinced that their representatives had been ill-treated, they telegraphed them to not accept the congratulations of $1,000, but rather to settle the question of superiority between the two fours, on the following day a telegram was sent to the representative of the Haligonian oarsmen at Philadelphia, authorizing him to challenge the Englishmen to row three miles for $2,000, or five miles for $6,000, to be rowed at St. John or Halifax. To this the following answer has been sent to us for publication. As the wording of a portion of this counterchallenge leads the reader to infer that the Londoners contest remained before the referee at Portage in a match, it may be well to state that it was well understood in England, at the time of their departure for this country, that after the Philadelphia regatta was over the crew and individual members thereof would be open to challenge to matches as might be offered them here. It would therefore seem that they have too good an opinion of the abilities of the Blue Nose four to care to risk any money against them, and therefore make proposals which are not likely to be accepted. After their "gift" to the Schuylkill they ought in honor to give the Nova Scotians another chance. Here is the document:

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H. THOMAS, for the Thames Champion crew.

J. Higgins will pull any man that rowed in the regatta for from £200 to £500 a side, Thames champion course, and allow reasonable expenses. H. T.

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ROWING ON THE POTOMAC.—The visiting foreign college oarsmen having, by invitation of the Analostan Boat Club, visited Washington, D. C., a rowing regatta was among the things gotten up in their honor. It came off in presence of a large crowd on Sept. 7, but did not prove very entertaining, owing to the unsatisfactory character of the first race, which was between the fours representing First Trinity, Cambridge, Eng., and Dublin University. The former first led, both boats being badly steered, and Dublin going in front halfway down the one-mile straight away, rowing which they won. The next was past a foul occured. Being ordered to go on they got away again, but a sailboat, directly in the track of the Cantabs, forced them upon the Irishmen, at which juncture the referee, J. M. Bennett, ordered them to stop and decided the race a draw. Picked crews from the Analostan then pulled over the same course, that stroked by T. M. Elliott winning by a length and a half in 7min. 36sec. After the regatta General W. T. Sherman, on behalf of the Analostan Club, presented each of the foreign crews with an elegant set of the club colors, Mr. Penrose responding on behalf of Cambridge, and C. B. Barrington speaking for the men from Dublin, Dancing, singing, etc., followed.

A PROTEST FROM THE HALIFAX CREW.—The four oarsmen from Halifax, N. S., who made such a name for themselves at Philadelphia last week, feel deeply aggrieved at what they consider the injustice done them, and have protested to the International Regatta Committee against the referee's decision awarding the race to the Londoners. The committee have decided to pay the first money to the Thames crew. As a sort of balm for the wounded feelings of the Blue Noses, however, they, on the 9th inst., adopted the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That, whereas the honorary committee of the International regatta have no other option than to abide by the decision of the umpire and rules, and the regulations of the Schuylkill Navy, in paying the first money; nevertheless desire to express the unanimous opinion that the honors of the international four-oared professional race belong to the Halifax crew.

THE REGATTA AT SAUGERTIES.—A regatta is to take place at Saugerties, N. Y., on Tuesday, Sept. 19, commencing at 2 P. M., sharp. The races will be for four-oared shells, single and double sculls, and pair-oared gigs; course, one and a half miles, straight away, on the Esopus, which empties into the Hudson River at that place. The secretary says the following clubs are announced to compete: Neptune, Staten Island; Nassau, New York; Laureate, Troy; Filley, Troy; Bayonne, New Jersey; Walvenbook, Greenbush; N. Y. Rowing Club, New York; Athletic, New York; Ulysses, Troy; Saugerties, Saugerties; and Mutual, Albany. Handsome prize cups will be given. To reach Saugerties take N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. to Tivoli, or boat to Saugerties, Malden or Tivoli.

THE PARIS CREW, whose glory departed on the Schuylkill last week, arrived at St. John, N. B., by steamer from Boston, Sept. 9. They were given no reception, as upon former occasions, and no one tried to prevent their walking quietly and immediately to their homes. But Brayley, who won second prize in the scullers' race, and beat Ellis Ward, is to have a big blowout upon his return.

A RACE over the mile-and-a-half course on the Schuylkill River between two crews from the U. S. man-of-war Hartford came off on Sept. 9, the "Dorling" crew winning. This, with several uninteresting tub-races, brought the international aquatic sports to a close.

A TWO-MILE RACE, with a turn, took place on the Allegheny River, at Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 9, Richard Johnson of Yale defeating James Hutchinson of the Troy (N. Y.) Polytechnic School by one length. Time, 15:15.

AT READING, PA., Sept. 13, there will be a pair-oared race between John Meharg and A. C. Behne of the Comus Club, and E. Diehl and J. Johnson, Alpha Club. The course is over a straight mile on the Schuylkill, starting at the foot of Sixth street.

SAMUEL CONKLIN defeated James Baldwin by two lengths in a three-mile race on the Hudson River, off the Elysian Fields, N. J., for $200, Sept. 9.

# PEDESTRIANISM.

THE NEW JERSEY A. A. are to hold their games at Ridgewood, N. J., on Saturday, Sept. 16. There are three entries for the one-mile champion walk, twelve for the 100-yards championship run, six for the 440-yards bush hurdle (handicap) race, fourteen for the handicap mile walk, eleven for the half-mile run (handicap), and only one, James Lynch, for the half-mile run for the club cup.

A MILE RACE will be run on Saturday, Sept. 16, at Jamaica Plains, Boston Highlands, Mass., between Chas. E. Lennon, the winner of the mile race at the Cleomandra Society picnic, Aug. 29, and Geo. T. Davis, a member, for a silver medal.

A HALF-MILE run, open, 200 yards hurdle race, and a two-mile walk, for good prizes are to take place at the fair at Fonda, N. Y., Sept. 20. See card.

THERE ARE LETTERS in care of this office for Daniel O'Leary and Ed. Mullen.

# THE RING.

## THE CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT.
## GOSS AWARDED THE BATTLE ON A FOUL.
## ALLEN RECEIVES LITTLE PUNISHMENT.
### 31 ROUNDS IN 1 HOUR 48 MINUTES.
### Arrest and Imprisonment of Allen and Others.

The fight between Joe Goss and Tom Allen, for the championship of the world and a supposed stake of $5,000, came off as advertised, on Sept. 7, in two rings, situated in Kenton and Boone Counties, Kentucky, distance about twelve and seventeen miles respectively from Cincinnati, on the line of the Louisville Short-line Railroad. Full particulars of the affair are given below by our representative on the ground, prefaced with the

HISTORY OF THE PRINCIPALS.

Joe Goss is a native of Northampton, Eng., where he was born Nov. 5, 1838, stands 5ft. 8¼in. in height, and in the old country was wont to fight at 150lb., which is considerably below his present milling limit. He is a knight of the lapstone, and was brought up in Wolverhampton, where he had continued to reside the greater portion of the time until his departure for America. His first engagement of any note was with Jack Rooke of Birmingham (a brother of George Rooke, well known here), whom, after a most determined resistance, he compelled to succumb, the battle having lasted an hour and forty minutes, during which time sixty-four rounds were contested. This was on Feb. 20, 1859, and the extraordinary staying powers of Goss gave his backers unbounded satisfaction, especially as Rooke came fresh with his previous victory over the clever Tom Lane. Tom Price of Bilston, then in the zenith of his fame, was Goss' next customer; the latter, however, failing to put in an appearance, was given in by the Bilstonian, on Feb. 10, 1860, Joe had ample revenge by settling the Bilstonian, for £20, in the short space of twenty-five minutes. Goss then commenced matching himself all over the Midland metropolis, and the then renowned Bodger Cruickshank was pitted against him, the result being one of the gamest battles on record, Goss winning in the twenty-fifth round during which 120 rounds were fought, and Joe's staying powers were still further proved. The battle was fought in the old Oxford Road Field, on the 4th of April, 1860, (his backer known as Brettle's Big-'un, who died in St. Louis, Mo., some years ago), just then emerging into notice, seemed a worthy opponent for Goss, and accordingly was matched for £100 a side, and lasted two hours and 50 minutes, thirty-seven rounds, Sept. 24, 1861. In the following February the pair again met, Brettle not being satisfied with the opening bout of his big-'un, this time for £200 a side, when, although he fought 56 rounds in 3 hours and 18 minutes, whereupon, as neither man could finish, the referee decided it a draw. He next met his veteran Pan Pitch, at Shrewsbury, on May 14, 1862, for £50, when Price made a capital fight, and looked mightily like winning, but Goss' staying powers came to the rescue and he finished the battle in the 31st round, after 1 hour and 48 minutes, when Posh was declared a beaten man. Joe's next customer was Jim Mace, whom he, on Monday, May 26, 1862, polished off in 18 rounds, 1 hour and 55 minutes. Goss sustained his first defeat, Mace staking $600 to £400, "down the river" (Sept. 1, 1863. On Goss' return to England he met and defeated Ike Baker of West Bromwich, in the metropolitan ring, for £100, in 1 hour and 20 minutes. Then followed the memorable battle with Sam Hurst, which was made a tour of the principal cities, in company with Ryall, Morris and Barney Aaron, doing well everywhere. The fight took place on Monday, May 24, 1865, at Wem, and Ryall, and at one time it looked as though a match might result from it; but it all died away again, and Allen was not matched until the following Spring, when he "threw up the sponge" in the 31st round, after 1 hour and 40 minutes, falling down upon their heads, as it justly did, the condemnation of the press and public, was not destined to settle the matter, and Goss was again put down Allen's man, he won in 31 rounds 31 minutes, the stakes being £200 a side. It is doubtful if Mace would have had so easy a win, had not Goss made the mistake of proposing a fifteen-foot ring, well knowing Mace's qualities as an in-fighter. The fight took place in the London district, Aug. 6, 1866. Goss' next and last fight, prior to that of last week, was with his late antagonist, Allen, for £200, taking place in the Bristol district, March 5, 1867, over nine years ago. They fought in three rings, being twice interfered with by the authorities, after which they contested in all 85 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 52 minutes, when the stake was declared drawn, and the report ran that Allen was all but done, and that Goss' friends were willing to accept a draw. It was a model fight, and the report quoted at the time at the home of the former, and much indignation was expressed at what they deemed the injustice of the referee's decision. 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## A WEDDING WISH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Some days are fine and fair,
And some are cold and dark;
Some rise in clouds of care,
And some like happy lark:
To you appears
A day of joy—
Reversing fears,
And all annoy.
A day so sweet
That sure 'tis meet
Your love to greet
With wishes due,
With kindness new,
And crown with peace your constant hearts,
The purest peace that heaven imparts.
Oh, may each day you still shall live
Some generous joy and beauty give,
As sweet as this!
And may the light of love and peace
In mind and heart and soul increase,
That, when your earthly days shall cease,
Celestial bliss
Your souls shall kiss,
And give again, all free from pain,
A life like this.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

## THE SPY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY G. R. SPRAGUE.

"Colonel Marshall," said the General to the officer before him, "I want you to personally stand guard with the detachment that to-night watches the Rebel spy who is to be executed at sunrise to-morrow. He is a cunning devil—in fact, no less personage than Beverly Dwinelle, who has escaped the noose oftener than any other grayback in the Southern army.

"All right, General."

"And, Colonel, be sure to take a sufficient force along with you to make any attempt at escape upon his part futile, but not fatal. I mean to *hang* the scoundrel, and I don't want him to cheat the rope again. Double your precautions."

"I will, General; and is that all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good-day," and with a salute the Colonel turned and disappeared through the entrance of the tent.

"A peculiar man, a peculiar man," soliloquized the General, "but an admirable soldier."

And so he was. Reserved, silent and austere as he was, never even smiling, yet Anson Marshall was not disliked by anyone. Most people regarded him in the same light as did the General; and then he, evidently, was possessed of so much kindliness of heart, always soothing and comforting the sick and wounded, and performing hundreds of little offices for them that the nurses had no time to attend to. And again, he was brave beyond impeachment. He never sent his regiment to the front upon a difficult mission while he remained in the rear, safe from the Rebel bullets. No; where he wanted his men to go he led them, and first braved the dangers himself that he desired them to dare. First in an advance, he was always the last in a retreat.

Immediately, upon quitting the presence of his superior officer, Anson Marshall went to his own tent, and, as he had some writing to do, and the time for him to go on duty had not yet arrived, he attended to it.

A few moments before the hour appointed for him to go on guard, he rose, put on his sword and pistols, and, taking with him his writing-desk and a small bottle of laudanum for a retractory tooth that annoyed him very much, he sought the tent where the spy was confined. There he found five men picked from the whole division, and each one noted for his strict performance of duty, endurance, and unerring marksmanship. Immediately relieving the guard on duty, Colonel Marshall posted his men outside in advantageous positions, and entered the tent, intending to keep a close personal watch on every movement of the prisoner.

He had often heard of, but never seen, Beverly Dwinelle. He had always pictured to himself the famous spy as a lithe, wiry man, with a keen face and eye, and daring, active, devil-may-care way of deporting himself. But he found, as many a man had before him, that ideals are deceptive, for, instead of the creature of his imagination, he discovered a small, effeminate man, with large, handsome, dreamy eyes, straight, coarse, black hair, dark skin, neatly trimmed moustache, and a soft, timid, almost girlish address.

As he entered the tent he stumbled over a campstool that had been negligently placed near the entrance, and, in striving to catch himself, became entangled in his sword, and was almost thrown to the ground. It took him fully a minute to recover himself.

Attracted by the noise, Beverly Dwinelle raised his eyes, which had been fixed upon the ground, and gazed upon Marshall. Something in the latter's appearance produced a great effect upon the spy. He turned very white, his eyes dilated, his breath came quick and short, and, rising from his chair, he grasped the back of it, and stood there trembling like a leaf. But it was only for a moment, and, by the time that Colonel Marshall stood firmly on his feet again, he had recovered command of himself.

"Good-evening," he said nonchalantly between the puffs of a cigar which had been supplied him by his captors.

"Good-evening," replied the Colonel very shortly, for he didn't want to have any conversation with the man who in the morning he was to command a detachment of soldiers to hang like a dog; for, much to his disgust, he also had charge of the execution.

There was a small table in the tent. Placing that and a chair in such a position as to command a view of the entire space, he put his laudanum and his writing-materials upon it.

"Do you guard me to-night, Colonel Marshall? You see I know your name. At what time does the affair transpire?" said Dwinelle.

"Sunrise to-morrow morning," came the response, quick and short.

"By what means, rope or rifle?"

"Rope."

A quick shudder passed through the frame of Dwinelle, and his face blanched to deadly whiteness; but his features never relaxed from the smile that they wore, and he puffed away at his cigar with as much quiet ease as ever. During this brief conversation Colonel Marshall had been busy getting his writing-material ready, and, having finished his preparations, he now commenced a very important letter.

Not a word was spoken by either until the Colonel had finished his letter. Then Marshall himself broke the silence.

"Are you not sleepy?" he said. "Hadn't you better go to bed."

"No," answered the spy with a shrug of the shoulders; "I will do as I've often done before—stay awake all night, and go to sleep in the morning; and with this difference, my slumber will know no waking, and my couch will be an extremely narrow one."

"Then hadn't you better prepare for the change? I'll send for the chaplain. He'll be only too glad to come."

"No; don't trouble yourself. I'll trust all to 'death's mystery,' content to let my life plead my cause."

"All right," answered Marshall; "you are certainly the best judge of what you do and do not desire."

"Thank you. But I tell you what I wish you would do. Let me know some of your history. You've got one. That I can tell from your face. It will help to distract my thoughts from to-morrow morning, and the confidence can do you no harm. Death will seal my lips at sunrise. I will reciprocate, and, if you desire, relate my own career to you."

Marshall thought for a moment. He would like to find someone in whom he could confide the load of trouble that for years had weighed him down. This man was to die on the morrow. That was unalterably decreed. As he himself said, whatever confidences existed between them would die with him. Maybe the history of existence which for years had proved nothing but a source of exquisite mental torture to the weary mortal who despairingly dragged out its slowly waning spans, might make him more reconciled to his own fate, and in some degree soften the harshness of the penalty he was about to pay for his career. At least, it would relieve a heart already surcharged with misery, and possibly prove an act of charity to the man whose sands of life were almost run. So he decided to speak.

"Well," said he, "I am by profession an artist, although I have not handled a brush nor mixed colors for years. My studio used to be on the top floor of a fashionable boarding-house in Fourteenth street, where I also boarded. Among the many people who, besides myself, resided there was an elderly widow of fine mind and liberal education, who made a snug little income by writing stories, poems, essays, etc., for the foremost papers and magazines of the metropolis. She had a daughter, a beautiful woman of irreproachable character and great genius, who filled the position of leading lady at the first comedy theatre in New York. Gifted, clever, of tastes brought into contact with and myself together, then a mutual liking, and before many months she wore upon her finger an engagement ring, presented her by me, and I was her nightly escort to and from the theatre. Well, to make a long story short, at the close of the dramatic season we were married, and, bidding farewell to her mother, started for a tour and a prolonged stay in Europe.

"After doing the Old World pretty thoroughly, we settled down in Paris, she to study under those consummate masters of the dramatic art, French actors, and I to execute a couple of remunerative orders for wealthy residents of the American colony of that gay city.

"For a time everything went along in the happiest manner. Then she commenced to go into society. For a time I accompanied her. Then I began to weary of the task. Among our many acquaintances was a young French banker and broker by the name of Pierre Lemaitre, whom she had met in New York and become quite friendly with. He was a lively, clever, good-looking fellow, possessed of a considerable fortune and undoubted standing upon the Bourse. He was one of the chief lights of the bright and brilliant but sadly Parisian circle which my wife affected, and for a while I got into the habit of surrendering the position of escort to him, while I remained at home, absorbed in some work upon painting or anatomy.

"A twelvemonth passed. I had finished my two orders, and my wife her term of study. It had always been our intention, upon quitting Paris, to go to London, in order to give my wife a chance to play in some of the theatres, and, besides, I had always cherished a desire to reside a while in the city where Shakespeare had lived and Dickens did live. To my surprise, however, my wife, when I broached the subject, objected most strenuously. Her dramatic studies, she claimed, were not complete; she certainly needed a quarter under Madame D——, the incarnation of sprightliness, or, what the French more properly call it, *chic;* and besides, she had always counted upon doing some of the French watering-places; and then again, now was the time when Americans visited Paris, and by staying a little while longer, why, maybe, I might meet many old friends. Anyhow, I was overruled, and we remained. About this time I began to feel uncomfortable in regard to the relations existing between us. She was altogether too much in the society of other men. I remonstrated with her. She accused me of being jealous. I denied it. We quarrelled. She went off to some fashionable *salon* with the now inevitable Pierre, and I, in desperation, betook myself to the rooms of a students' and Bohemians' club in the Quartier Latin. There I did two things for the first time—got beastly intoxicated and met Eloise Durbec, painter of miniatures, actress of doubtful vaudevilles, authoress of suggestive stories, and queen of the noble band of roysterers in whose company I found myself; a woman beautiful, clever, passionate and unscrupulous; a sort of siren that might prove most dangerous to a man mad with jealousy and wine. And ay she did prove to me. Night after night I bowed at her shrine, the most devoted of her many worshipers. No longer did I chide my wife for her neglect of home and home duties. Let her go, thought I. If she didn't care for me, there was one who did. So I reasoned. When free from the seductive influence of Eloise's smiles and champagne's sparkling draughts, I stopped to think where would this all end? The ultimate result of all my reflections was, that I was bound to go where I was best liked and most appreciated, let it be where it might; amongst cowled monks, at my own home, or within the noisy precincts of Parisian Bohemia. How long this state of affairs would have continued I do not know; but one night, returning home quarrelsomely intoxicated, and boiling with chagrin at a fancied slight from Eloise, I discovered my wife standing in the centre of our little parlor, with her head upon a strange man's shoulder, his arms around her waist, and an expression of intense affection beaming upon both of their countenances. The stranger was about the size, and, from where I saw him, had much the general appearance of Pierre Lemaitre.

"'O Pierre, Pierre, my darling!' my wife was saying as I entered the room, 'how can I ever live without you? Must that odious obstacle, my hated husband, forever part us?'

"For an instant I was unable to move; my head whirled round and round, sparks danced before my eyes, and an insane desire to kill the man who had so bitterly wronged me took possession of me. With a wild cry I sprang forward, tore my wife from his grasp, and threw her violently to the floor, where she lay white and senseless. Then I turned towards her companion. All this had been done so quickly that he'd had no time to collect his scattered senses, but stood there, trembling and vacantly staring around him. In less time than it takes to tell it I had clutched him by the throat, and was trying to force him to the floor. But this time I had met more than my match. Grasping me firmly, he loosened my hold upon himself, and, lifting me bodily in the air, flung me down upon the floor, breathless and stunned; and then, bestowing a contemptuous kick upon my prostrate form, turned and left me.

"Upon recovering myself sufficiently to enable me to do so, I summoned my wife's maid, and, rushing out, soon found a not too inquisitive journalist, who, for the sum of one thing agreed to become my second without asking too many questions. I made all my arrangements before morning, and as soon as possible sent off my friend with a challenge to Pierre Lemaitre, demanding the satisfaction due an injured husband, and that at once. My second returned early in the afternoon with an acceptance, naming two days after date as the time, pistols as the weapons, and the Belgian frontier as the place of combat. During all this time I had not seen my wife. She was confined to her room by an attack of illness, the result of shame and excitement, I supposed. After everything had been arranged I sought Eloise's home. She received me with her accustomed show of joy. I made her my *confidante*. Tears and prayers that I would not fight followed the announcement of my determination to do so. Seeing that I was resolved to carry out my intention, she made up her mind to accompany me. I protested, she insisted. Finally I yielded. We started at once for the field of action, and arrived before the appointed time. Pierre and his second arrived a few hours later. As soon as the final preliminaries could be arranged, I bade a sad farewell to Eloise, and then went out to fight. I fell badly wounded at the first fire, and was taken to the little hotel at which we lodged, in the opinion of the surgeon, to die. But I didn't. Thanks to the great care and tender nursing of Eloise, who never left me, either night or day, until I was pronounced out of danger.

"When I became well enough she told me how a woman, whom she had never seen, but supposed to be my wife, had come and striven to drive her away. but she wouldn't go, and the stranger had finally withdrawn in great disgust.

"I convalesced rapidly, and in the course of a few weeks was able to leave the little Belgian village. I went to Rome. Eloise went with me. I intended to remain but a short time in the Papal City, and then, returning to Paris, meet my wife and talk about arranging matters for a divorce. I had determined upon one thing—I would marry Eloise. That she loved me, and would be true to me, I had no doubt, and her constancy and affection demanded a better reward than the cruel position which she occupied in her association with me. But man proposes and God disposes.' Before we had been in Rome a week, she fell a victim to that scourge of the unacclimated, Romish fever, and, after a short illness, died in my arms. I buried her beneath the Italian sky, and then sadly started on my way to Paris. There another blow awaited me; a letter from my wife. After deploring her foolishness, and she firmly declared that it was nothing more—she explained the compromising position in which I detected her with, as I supposed, Pierre Lemaitre, nor was his name Pierre at all. It was none other than Felix Rochambeau, dramatic artist of the principal Parisian theatres, and leading exponent of the art. He had called upon her that day to rehearse the chief scenes of a new play that had lately been produced in Paris, and of which she had purchased the translation and right of production in the English and American cities. The lover of the play was named Pierre Quesnelon. As Rochambeau spoke English as fluently as a native, they first rehearsed the original, and were busily engaged upon the translation when I made my sudden entrance, and, allowing jealousy to magnify a general resemblance upon Rochambeau's part into positive identity with Pierre Lemaitre, and the meaningless words of the dramatist into unfaithful protestations, had so signally and brutally stamped myself as a cruel husband and violent blackguard. She didn't call me those names, but I formed that opinion of my action then and there; nor have I ever changed it. I immediately sought out Rochambeau and Lemaitre, and they not only confirmed my wife's story, but brought other testimony to bear upon the affair that proved beyond any doubt the truth of the letter. I strove to find her, but in vain. She was not in Europe. At last I returned to New York, and devoted myself to my art until the war broke out, and then I came down here to seek in excitement, and maybe death, oblivion from myself."

"Have you ever heard of your wife since you returned to America?" asked Dwinelle.

"Yes; I understood that she was playing in the Southern theatres just before the war broke out, and it was my intention to investigate the matter when this 'little unpleasantness' rendered it impossible."

"Excuse me, but what was your wife's name? Maybe I have met her," said Dwinelle.

"Before we were married, she always played under her own maiden name of Ethel Darrell."

"Yes, it's the same. She was in New Orleans the last time I was there."

"Then, you have seen her? Tell me about her. Is she as pretty as ever? Does she act as well?" eagerly exclaimed Marshall.

"Would you like to know how she looks?" queried Dwinelle. "If you would just open that bundle of mine in the corner of the tent. The guards took it away from me when I was first brought in, and I haven't been allowed to touch it since."

In tremulous haste Marshall strode across the tent, opened the bundle, and commenced to search. In so doing, his back was turned towards the spy.

But he could find nothing.

"I can discover no picture," he impatiently said after a moment's rummaging.

"No, it is here. Look," came the reply.

He did so.

Dwinelle was not there.

In his place stood a handsome woman. It was Ethel Marshall, his long-absent wife. She wore the same clothes as Dwinelle had the spy, and upon the floor lay a wig and false moustache. All this Marshall noticed in an instant. But one thing, however, escaped his observation. It was the absence of the laudanum-bottle, which stood upon his writing-table when he turned his back to look for the picture.

But at length the spell broke.

"Ethel," he cried, and, holding out his arms, staggered towards her. She on the other hand, with a sob of gladness, rushed into his embrace. All the wrong, passion and misery of the past was for a moment forgotten. It was enough for him that once more he held his wife in each other's arms.

But their ecstacy did not last long. The horror of their situation was too great to be more than momentarily forgotten.

"O Ethel!" he murmured, "that we should meet thus. What evil fate ever induced you to assume the disguise of this noted spy—a man against whom the whole army has sworn vengeance for his treachery."

"I assumed no disguise. Beverly Dwinelle and myself are one and the same person."

"Then God help you, for I cannot."

"Cannot help me?"

"No; an extra dozen detachment guards this tent, and no avenue of escape remains open."

"Can you not share your arms with me; then together we could cut our way into freedom? Once within the Confederate ranks, we should be so happy."

"What! raise my sword against my own comrades because of a deserter from the cause I deem so noble? Never!"

"Not to save my life?"

"No."

"You do not love me?"

"Here is my revolver. Kill me, and then take your chances with the sentries. If you leave this tent, it must be over my dead body."

"So be it, then. Let's talk no more about it. I want to think a little while," she said, sitting down upon the camp-stool that she had formerly occupied. He also sat down, and, leaning his arms upon the table, hid his face in them, and gave way to his pent-up feelings. As soon as she was sure that he did not see her, she drew from the pocket of her military coat a small bottle, and, placing it to her lips, drained the contents.

A short time passed in silence.

Finally she broke the stillness.

"Amos," she said, "tell me that you forgive me for the unhappy hours that I have caused you in the past. Let me die with the assurance that you at least do not curse me."

"I forgive you? No, darling, it is you who should forgive me. The fault was all my own."

"No, no, no! Don't talk that way. Tell me that you forgive me. I should meet my unhappy fate so much better if you only would."

"Well, then, darling, as you desire, I freely forgive whatever wrongs you may have done me, and crave the same from those from you."

"Thank you, Amos. I feel so much happier. Yes; I forgive you, dear. We were both wrong, and—and—I—I—thank God! at last it has come."

As she said these last words she rose, tottered across the tent, and fell into the arms of Amos, who had risen, and was springing to her assistance.

"What has come? What is the matter, darling?"

"Death. I secreted—your bottle—of—laudanum in my pocket—when you were looking—for the picture—and drank it—while—you sat—with bowed head — at — the — table — yonder. For—give—me, won't—you?"

"Yes, love, yes."

"Good-bye, dear, good——" but that was all.

With that last word upon her lips, she relapsed into unconsciousness. Silently Amos bore her in his arms to the cot in which she had been wont to repose, and, laying her down upon it, stood by and watched her until the feeble spark of life went out.

Then, closing the sightless eyes, and, composing the pulseless body, he went to the table, and taking up his pen, wrote in a firm round hand a few words. Laying down his pen, he seated himself in his chair, placed the paper in a conspicuous place, tore open his shirt, and, placing the muzzle of his revolver against his breast, pulled the trigger, and sent a bullet whizzing into his heart.

The shot alarmed the camp. In a few moments a crowd of excited soldiers penetrated into the tent. They found Colonel Marshall lying dead upon the floor.

The attention of one of them was attracted by the piece of paper laying upon the table. Taking it up, he read it.

This was what it said:

"She was my wife. Bury us together."

Although nobody could tell the circumstances, yet many formed a pretty correct idea of the case; and so, without a word of reproach, they tenderly and respectfully laid the brave man and fair woman side by side beneath the sky of Old Virginia.

## IN THE SALOON.

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"Whiskey and bitters! Why, Thompson, how are you?"

"Hush! Glad to see you, but don't speak so loud."

"Yes, sir! my wife's *always* asking for money.
Hurry up, barkeeper! drinks for the crowd."

"Gimme a punch, with a drop of Jamaica;
Heave in some nutmeg and fix her up warm"—

"Whendricks an' Heeler are bully good fellows.
'Rah for the Guvenor, Tayes and Reform!"

"What'll you have, Johnny?" "Nothing but seltzer."

"Well, seltzer's good, but it's awfully thin.
You don't belong to this gentleman's party!
Come now, skip out, or I'll have you run in!"

"Why, I could just double-discount his Tybalt.
Give me a beer—rum and I don't agree."

"Cap, won't you join us? Just ordering cocktails."

"I've got your money—the next one's with me!"

"Dammo! I tell you, old boy, I won't stand it,
Not if he *is* my superior in rank."

'Gentlemen, once in the year eighteen thirty——"

"Colonel, excuse me, I'm due at the bank."

"Open a couple of bottles of Heidsieck.
Money no object. I'm 'in' on the 'pools.'"

"What made you tell me to bet on that stallion?
Here we are 'broke,' like a couple of fools."

"Abamthe, old fellow, is simply rank poison;
Nothing like rye for a regular drink."

"Sis, tell your mother we don't want her money—
Better buy eatables with it, I think."

"Well, sir, you may be a good politician,
But you'll be dreadfully fooled in the Fall."

"Come along, Charley, the old woman's waiting."

"Open on Sunday? Oh, no! not at all!" E. E. K.

## A STORY OF TEXAS.

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In the State of Indiana, midway between the Ohio and Mississippi and the St. Louis and Indianapolis Railroads, is the beautiful little village of C——. It is what may be properly called a farming village, and in it, at the time of the opening of our story, dwelt two families, consisting of a father, son and daughter each. The younger members had nearly reached manhood and womanhood, and respectively William Green and Robert Dawson, assisted their elderly sires in cultivating the rich soil, while the daughters, Mary Green and Jenny Dawson, succeeded their deceased mothers in the cares of household duties. Constantly thrown together, a strong friendship existed between the young people, and the household seemed as but one family. They were contented and happy, and "friendship ripened into love"—at least, so far as some of the members were concerned.

About this time—the heyday of their happiness—a stranger arrived in the town, and, thinking it a good field for his labors, he secured upon the prosecution of his trade—that of harness-making. He was tall, handsome, and erect as an Indian, and by his industry and close attention to work he soon became a great favorite with all with whom he was thrown in contact, while his fascinating and straightforward manner, together with his comely looks, won the confidence and esteem of the fair sex. In the course of time he was introduced into the Dawson-Green family, and his sunny, bright disposition made him a most welcome visitor, and young Dawson and himself became firm friends. In short, he was beloved by the whole community. No blackberry gathering, picnic party, or sleighing excursion was enjoyable unless he was present, an honored guest. This thing went on happily in the village for some two years, when he made a discovery which for the time filled him with pain. It was that Jenny Dawson loved him with all a woman's love. It was not that Jenny was not worthy the love of any noble heart, that made him shrink from it, but that he suspected that William Green loved her, and he was unwilling to cause his new friend a pang of jealousy. When, therefore, he made the startling discovery that Jenny loved himself, he used every honorable means to divert her thoughts from him; but, though at times he treated her with severe coldness, her ardent love grew unshaken, and even more closely to him. Alas for the perversity of love! She had often told him that she would die sooner than marry William Green, and that she had never loved him, save with a sister's love; and, as they sat alone one bright moonlight night beneath the rose-covered porch, she vowed she could love no other as she loved him. What could he do? Unconsciously to himself, and despite his efforts to subdue the flame in her breast, he had kindled the spark in his own heart, and now it burst forth in a consuming fire.

Robert Dawson encouraged with delight the match between his dear sister and his bosom friend, and he often said that "the girl who married James Wilmot could not fail to be a happy wife." Although William Green's attachment to Jenny was well known to their friends, still it was regarded merely as a "boyish" love, which would soon be got over; but how, when he realized the fact that she was soon to become the wife of another, William's nature seemed changed on the instant, and he became morose and distant, shunning the society of even his most intimate friends; and, as he went daily to his work with his head bowed upon his breast, he became an object of pity to all who saw him.

Robert Dawson and Mary Green had long loved each other, and the course of their love was smooth and untrammeled by rivals. Mary, knowing the deep devotion of her foster-sister's heart for Will-mot, often urged her to relinquish her hopeless hope for the heart that never could be his. She would tell him that he ought to remember that there were "as good fish in the sea as were ever caught." Not that she thought there were many like Jenny in the world—she would not acknowledge that, for she was blinded by love to any imperfections, if any existed, in her friend's character or disposition; and, although deeply attached to her brother, she believed that with James Wilmot alone could she find real happiness. Whether she talked seriously or playfully to William, it was all the same, and he swore that she should never wed another, especially "that Virginian," against whom he made fearful threats of vengeance. Of course Robert was informed of all that occurred, and Wilmot's ears were pierced the mornings—to be but little heeded—while his friend and his affianced were depressed with a feeling that something terrible was to happen. And their worst fears were but too quickly realized; for, on the morning of the day fixed for the wedding of Wilmot and Jenny, William was missing. Whither he had gone no one knew; but his absence at such a time provoked much comment, and caused agony to at least one heart, for Mary well knew her brother's ugly disposition, and dreaded the approach of the hour so joyously looked forward to by all others.

At length the hour approached, and bright faces filled the parlor of the cosy cottage, while the lovely bride and happy groomsman, with their attendants, stood before the clergyman. The ceremony had just begun, and as the clergyman asked of the blushing beauty "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband? to live——" a dazzling flash lighted up the room, a sharp report followed, and the body of the groom lay stiffening in death, his blood crimsoning the pure white bridal-dress of the awe-stricken girl who had stood by his side, and whose apparently lifeless body was now being borne from the room. That William Green was the assassin all were convinced; and as soon as they recovered from the sudden shock, the male members rushed forth from the house in pursuit of the murderer. All night long and throughout the next day the search was diligently continued, but without avail, and William Green was never seen in the neighborhood again.

For a long time both Jenny and Mary lay upon beds of sickness and delirium, the former constantly calling for her heart's idol, and the latter upbraiding her brother for the terrible deed he had committed. There was another whose grief, though silent, was not less genuine—Robert Dawson—and in his breast was locked a secret determination to avenge the dastardly murder of his beloved sister's husband and his dear friend.

Time wore on, and the terrible crime that had plunged so many hearts into the depths of misery was now rarely mentioned, or even thought of, except by Mary Green and Robert Dawson, and so terrible a force, and whose happiness had been so suddenly wrecked. Old Farmer Dawson had passed away from earth, leaving Robert and Jenny his sole heirs, to do with the farm as to them seemed best. Although there were ties of affection that bound the young people to the old homestead and the scenes of his younger and happier days, yet he saw that his sister was gradually wasting away, and being consumed by grief—that her heart was breaking—and he felt that nothing but a removal from scenes so fraught with sorrow could restore her to health. So concluding to sell out on the farm, and when at last the time had arrived for their departure many a heart felt deeply the loss about to be sustained, and many an eye moistened as the tongue uttered, or a feeling grasp of the hand mutely expressed, a loving good-bye. Poor Mary! her only comfort in this trying hour was her lover's promise to return after Jenny was cared for.

Crossing the great "Father of Waters," they wended their way towards Texas, where, Robert thought, the climate and soil offered unusually attractive inducements for young men of enterprise and small capital, while the knowledge of the salubrious air must be beneficial to his darling sister, and he hoped to ultimately restore her to full health.

* * * * * * *

On the banks of the old Colorado River, fifteen miles west of Austin, stands a handsome stone building in the midst of a grove of chestnut-trees. The building is made of granite taken from the hills near Austin, and from the same quarries from which the State Capitol there is built. The interior of the establishment is in keeping with its exterior—a model of neatness, with no attempt at ostentation. It is known as the Dawson Ranche, and to Jenny belongs the credit of the refined taste and comfortable appearance characterizing the premises, for she lives now only for her brother's happiness. The flower-garden, which delights the eye of the approaching visitor with its bright blossoms, is almost identical with that of their old home in the Far West, and furnishes occupation for Jenny's hands, and relief from thoughts of the unhappy past. The surrounding hills look down upon their new home in picturesque grandeur, and from Mount Bonell are wafted such breezes that have given a tinge of color to the heart-sufferer's cheek, and brought renewed health to her wasting frame. The Colorado River, in its quiet moments, is as clear as crystal, and on across the tent, and fell into the arms of Amos, who had risen, and was springing to her assistance.

"What has come? What is the matter, darling?"

"Death. I secreted—your bottle—of—laudanum in my pocket—when you were looking—for the picture—and drank it—while—you sat—with bowed head — at — the — table — yonder. For—give—me, won't—you?"

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At length the hour approached, and bright faces filled the parlor of the cosy cottage, while the lovely bride and happy groomsman, with their attendants, stood before the clergyman. The ceremony had just begun, and as the clergyman asked of the blushing beauty "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband? to live——" a dazzling flash lighted up the room, a sharp report followed, and the body of the groom lay stiffening in death, his blood crimsoning the pure white bridal-dress of the awe-stricken girl who had stood by his side, and whose apparently lifeless body was now being borne from the room. That William Green was the assassin all were convinced; and as soon as they recovered from the sudden shock, the male members rushed forth from the house in pursuit of the murderer. All night long and throughout the next day the search was diligently continued, but without avail, and William Green was never seen in the neighborhood again.

For a long time both Jenny and Mary lay upon beds of sickness and delirium, the former constantly calling for her heart's idol, and the latter upbraiding her brother for the terrible deed he had committed. There was another whose grief, though silent, was not less genuine—Robert Dawson—and in his breast was locked a secret determination to avenge the dastardly murder of his beloved sister's husband and his dear friend.

Time wore on, and the terrible crime that had plunged so many hearts into the depths of misery was now rarely mentioned, or even thought of, except by Mary Green and Robert Dawson, and so terrible a force, and whose happiness had been so suddenly wrecked. Old Farmer Dawson had passed away from earth, leaving Robert and Jenny his sole heirs, to do with the farm as to them seemed best. Although there were ties of affection that bound the young people to the old homestead and the scenes of his younger and happier days, yet he saw that his sister was gradually wasting away, and being consumed by grief—that her heart was breaking—and he felt that nothing but a removal from scenes so fraught with sorrow could restore her to health. So concluding to sell out on the farm, and when at last the time had arrived for their departure many a heart felt deeply the loss about to be sustained, and many an eye moistened as the tongue uttered, or a feeling grasp of the hand mutely expressed, a loving good-bye. Poor Mary! her only comfort in this trying hour was her lover's promise to return after Jenny was cared for.

Crossing the great "Father of Waters," they wended their way towards Texas, where, Robert thought, the climate and soil offered unusually attractive inducements for young men of enterprise and small capital, while the knowledge of the salubrious air must be beneficial to his darling sister, and he hoped to ultimately restore her to full health.

* * * * * * *

On the banks of the old Colorado River, fifteen miles west of Austin, stands a handsome stone building in the midst of a grove of chestnut-trees. The building is made of granite taken from the hills near Austin, and from the same quarries from which the State Capitol there is built. The interior of the establishment is in keeping with its exterior—a model of neatness, with no attempt at ostentation. It is known as the Dawson Ranche, and to Jenny belongs the credit of the refined taste and comfortable appearance characterizing the premises, for she lives now only for her brother's happiness. The flower-garden, which delights the eye of the approaching visitor with its bright blossoms, is almost identical with that of their old home in the Far West, and furnishes occupation for Jenny's hands, and relief from thoughts of the unhappy past. The surrounding hills look down upon their new home in picturesque grandeur, and from Mount Bonell are wafted such breezes that have given a tinge of color to the heart-sufferer's cheek, and brought renewed health to her wasting frame. The Colorado River, in its quiet moments, is as clear as crystal, and on a Summer's evening its waters are studded with fishing-boats, and the merry peals of laughter that come up from their gay inmates bespeak their real happiness. It is not surprising, then, that amidst such scenes the stricken heart has, with returning health, regained something of her former buoyancy of spirits, and that Robert Dawson is happy and prosperous on his tract of a thousand acres of woodland and clearing. His barns are filled with cotton, corn, wheat and oats, and his fat stock are his especial pride as they range the broad prairie over the river as far as the eye can reach, for of the many thousands roaming at will on that prairie, none bear the signs of careful attention more than those that have his brand upon their hips. Surrounded by plenty and beloved by their neighbors, but one thing stood between brother and sister and supreme happiness—that terrible deed of blood, the secret of which had been kept buried in their own hearts. Jenny's admirers were many and her lovers not few; but her heart was dead to new love, and all advances were speedily checked.

In the Fall of the year, as usual with the farmers, Robert took a trip to

# AQUATICS.

## THE CENTENNIAL REGATTA.

## THE INTERNATIONAL PROFESSIONAL RACES.

### HANLON WINS THE SCULLS.

### Thames Awarded the Fours on a Foul. Faulkner and Reagan take the Pairs.

THE SCULLS AND PAIRS WON IN THE BEST TIME ON RECORD.

The professional races at the international rowing regatta held at Philadelphia, under the auspices of the United States Centennial Commission and the Schuylkill Navy, were brought to a close on Wednesday, Sept. 6, having continued three days. In all respects they were as successful as those concerned in the management had been led to anticipate, the interest taken in the several competitions by the general public being sufficient to bring to the course thousands of spectators daily, and the racing, though marred in several instances by unfortunate fouls, being first-class and deeply interesting, while the weather was favorable and the water smooth. On the inaugural day the trial heats of the single-scull and four-oared races were decided, the Thames crew outrowing the New Yorkers, which didn't astonish anybody, it being looked upon as a certainty for the Londoners, since the defection of John Biglin from the opposing four, which he had for many months stroked in practice, and then severed his connection with on the eve of the great struggle. It was stated that he calculated to row with three of the Wards; but, if he had any such purpose, his designs were frustrated by the refusal of the regatta committee to admit the Ward crew to competition, because of their not having sent in their entry in proper season, which left John out in the cold entirely, as his entry for the sculls had been made as a member of the New York crew. Three genuine surprises marked this day's racing—the first being in the second heat of the Fours, which was easily won, by about three hundred yards, by the scarcely-known Halifax crew, defeating the long-famous Paris crew of St. John, who appeared stale, though it is not likely that they were ever able to row as fast as did their opponents on this occasion, the winning time being 17:58, which has never yet been equaled by any other four in a three-mile turning-race, that being the distance rowed in all the races. And then, too, it must be remembered that the winners were far from hurried on the home-run, which would make a difference of several seconds at least. Where is there another crew in this country—or in any other—who can beat them in a race decided strictly on its merits? If such a crew can be scared up, Halifax will go broke on their champions, surely. The second surprise was the defeat of Harry Coulter, ex-champion—and who recently challenged anybody in the country to row a three and a five mile race—at the hands of T. Hanlon, who is, we believe, but nineteen years old, and heretofore has not drawn an oar through the water outside of Toronto Bay, Ontario, and vicinity. Thomas of the London four also started in this heat, but, like Green of the same crew in the following, had no intention of pulling through, and accordingly drew out shortly after starting. The excellent time accomplished by the Canadian in this heat, 21:34, and that, too, with thirty lengths to spare, showed him to be a most promising sculler, and one whom even now, ere his muscles are properly set, few if any of our experts have any business with, as leader in a race of this length. Doubtless he will soon be heard of outside of regatta racing; and when he is, the Kanucks will be justified in wagering their small change upon him. Alex. Brayley of St. John was the victor in the second heat, it being, however, no test of his powers; for, as stated above, Green, his only competitor, withdrew at the end of a half mile. The other surprise was the poor performance of Eph Morris the champion in the fourth heat, in which Patrick Luther, a member of the same club as Morris—the Clipper of Pittsburg—came in first, after having rowled with the noted John Higgins, captain of the London four. The general impression, formed from the good work hitherto done by Morris, is that he was simply feeling Luther between whom and himself there has for some time existed a divergence of feeling of jealousy), with the idea of getting on a match which would probably yield a greater harvest of greenbacks than victory upon this occasion possibly could, although the first prize was $800 and the second half that amount. The third heat was an easy win for Ellis Ward, who was a third of a mile ahead of Robert Peel at the close of the contest, with Spencer of the London quartet a rather poor third. Ellis took nearly a minute longer than Hanlon to cover the distance. The other heat of the day brought together Fred Plaisted, formerly of Boston, but now of the New York crew, and John Mekeel, who fouled, and the latter, who was in the fault, drawing out, Plaisted rowed over alone, the time, which was slow, not being taken. A disappointment opened the programme on the second day, Luther being left to row the course alone, as Higgins, the famous Londoner, declined to obey the mandate of the referee, and pull the fouling heat of the day before over, giving as a reason that, after he had claimed a foul for them, and the referee hold him to "Go on," he understood that all he was required to do was to beat the third man, which he did, and therefore thought that the heat should have been given to him. His experience in such matters is sufficient to teach him better, however, and it is not improbable that in refusing to row he was actuated in part by other reasons. Next, Ellis Ward, after leading up to the turn, and apparently having things as he wanted them, came to grief at the hands of St. John sculler, who had not been regarded as a dangerous customer, but who gave the Hudson highlander considerably more than he could attend to, though the pace was at no time particularly fast. Then came the second heat of the Sculls and first surprise of the afternoon, the favorite, Luther, being pretty badly beaten by both Hanlon (who didn't have occasion to row so fast as on the day before) and Plaisted; indeed, he wasn't in it at any time—a fact which greatly puzzled some people to account for, though we presume it is susceptible of solution upon other grounds than inability to do better, though we don't think he could have made his shell travel fast enough to win—a deduction based upon a comparison of his past achievements with those of the Canadian oarsman. 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As might have been expected, the far-famed Wards were the favorites in this event, and at first it looked as though they were going to prove themselves as good as of old; but advancing age and the rust with which comparative inaction during a period of five years—or since the memorable 11th of September, 1871, when they, with Hank and Ellis, achieved their never-to-be-forgotten victory over the best two fours on England's shores—had clogged their muscles, could not prevail against youth, strength and skill combined; and, after leading almost halfway, they had to fall back to a position which during their career they have been rather unaccustomed to hold. The race, however, was rowed in extraordinarily quick time, and, therefore, Josh and Gil, though defeated, have good reason to be proud of the display they made. The Boston pair—of whom Faulkner has for a number of years been recognized as one of the Hub's foremost oarsmen, while Reagan has helped him to some creditable victories in pairs, double-sculls and fours—are worthy of all praise for the brilliant victory which they have gained, eclipsing, as it does, all their former triumphs. The third and closing day was of course the most important of the regatta, being that upon which the final heats of the several races were decided, and the assemblage present to witness the racing was larger than upon either of the preceding days. The sport, however, was sadly marred by a regrettable case of fouling, which spoiled the most important contest of the regatta, and gave the main prize to a crew which evidently could not have won it on their merits. We allude to the four-oared pull in which were pitted against each other the 3d Halifax crew, who had done so finely in their trial heat, and the Thames four, the former being largely the favorites. It was a grand race to the turn, which the Blue Noses made first, in 8:20 (just thirty-five seconds faster than it took the Canadian Rowing Club four to go the distance in the fastest amateur time the previous week); but, after turning, the Londoners, who had the better course, managed by a sharp spurt to snatch the lead from them, and Halifax, edging gradually too far west, and into the water rightfully belonging to their antagonists—who, seeing themselves being surely outpulled, were too knowing to get out of the way—a foul was the result, the oars interlapping and touching. They went ahead again at command of the referee, Halifax coming home first; but the referee decided the claim of foul, which each side made, in favor of the Englishmen. This decision gave rise to much unfavorable comment; but it was according to rule, and the Haligonians have nobody but themselves to blame for losing a valuable prize, for which they assuredly could have won had they kept their proper course. The time made—and which included several seconds lost by stoppage at the time of fouling—18:05½, shows how killing was the pace. The scullers' race proved, not unexpectedly, a gift for Hanlon, who this time won by the best time on record, 21:09¼. The final race was the deciding heat of the pairs, and in it Green and Thomas fell easy victims to Faulkner and Reagan, their failure to make a better race being attributable to the severity of the struggle in which they had engaged in the closing heat of the Fours such a little time before. As in the amateur races of the preceding week, the management of the regatta was worthy of all praise, which the officials received from participants and spectators. Underneath are details of the racing on the second and third days, particulars of the opening events having appeared in our past issue:

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The North-river man had just a little advantage in starting, pulling a long stroke of thirty-six cleanly and with so much effect that in the first quarter mile he had gained over a length upon the Canadian, who was pulling a thirty-nine stroke, but seemingly not exerting himself any more than the youngest of the famous band of brothers. During the next quarter there was no change in the relative positions of the shells, though that of the Dominion sculler would have been less to the rear had he, instead of heading so far to the eastward, kept as direct a course as Ward, whose steering was not susceptible of improvement. The latter was rowing at thirty-two, while Brayley was doing two more than that number, though this slackening-up had not been occasioned by either man becoming tired. So they went along until near the end of the first mile, when Ellis began to let out his reserve strength, and, though he did not run up the number of his strokes noticeably, he at once commenced to draw farther ahead until nigh if not quite two lengths separated them, with which advantage he made a close, beautiful turn, and in a jiffy had straightened up and was dashing homeward. The Canadian turned quite as well as his opponent, and having, like him, quickened his pace, he went for Ellis in a most determined fashion, each powerful wrench of the oars telling of business meant, and telling a tale of sorrow for Ward, too, who seemed powerless to respond with effect to his adversary's spurt, and, coming up, hand over hand, Brayley laid himself level with the New Yorker, then went by, and when halfway home had the race in hand beyond all question, accidents always excepted. He ultimately sent his dainty craft across the line in 22:06½, having just seventeen seconds to spare from the Cornwall oarsman, who appeared considerably downcast at his defeat, though he has naught to complain of, the race having been rowed with the utmost fairness from beginning to end, the contestants taking especial care not to approach within anything like fouling distance.

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Patrick Luther, Pittsburg, Pa.....r. o.

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SECOND ROUND—FIRST HEAT.

2. Alex. Brayley, St. John, N. B.....1
1. Ellis Ward, Cornwall, N. Y.....2

The North-river man had just a little advantage in starting, pulling a long stroke of thirty-six cleanly and with so much effect that in the first quarter mile he had gained over a length upon the Canadian, who was pulling a thirty-nine stroke, but seemingly not exerting himself any more than the youngest of the famous band of brothers. During the next quarter there was no change in the relative positions of the shells, though that of the Dominion sculler would have been less to the rear had he, instead of heading so far to the eastward, kept as direct a course as Ward, whose steering was not susceptible of improvement. The latter was rowing at thirty-two, while Brayley was doing two more than that number, though this slackening-up had not been occasioned by either man becoming tired. So they went along until near the end of the first mile, when Ellis began to let out his reserve strength, and, though he did not run up the number of his strokes noticeably, he at once commenced to draw farther ahead until nigh if not quite two lengths separated them, with which advantage he made a close, beautiful turn, and in a jiffy had straightened up and was dashing homeward. The Canadian turned quite as well as his opponent, and having, like him, quickened his pace, he went for Ellis in a most determined fashion, each powerful wrench of the oars telling of business meant, and telling a tale of sorrow for Ward, too, who seemed powerless to respond with effect to his adversary's spurt, and, coming up, hand over hand, Brayley laid himself level with the New Yorker, then went by, and when halfway home had the race in hand beyond all question, accidents always excepted. He ultimately sent his dainty craft across the line in 22:06½, having just seventeen seconds to spare from the Cornwall oarsman, who appeared considerably downcast at his defeat, though he has naught to complain of, the race having been rowed with the utmost fairness from beginning to end, the contestants taking especial care not to approach within anything like fouling distance.

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2. Geo. Faulkner, P. Reagan, Boston, Mass.....1
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The third heat was an easy win for Ellis Ward, who was a third of a mile ahead of Robert Peel at the close of the contest, with Spencer of the London quartet a rather poor third. Ellis took nearly a minute longer than Hanlon to cover the distance. The other heat of the day brought together Fred Plaisted, formerly of Boston, but now of the New York crew, and John Mekeel, who fouled, and the latter, who was in the fault, drawing out, Plaisted rowed over alone, the time, which was slow, not being taken. A disappointment opened the programme on the second day, Luther being left to row the course alone, as Higgins, the famous Londoner, declined to obey the mandate of the referee, and pull the fouling heat of the day before over, giving as a reason that, after he had claimed a foul for them, and the referee hold him to "Go on," he understood that all he was required to do was to beat the third man, which he did, and therefore thought that the heat should have been given to him. His experience in such matters is sufficient to teach him better, however, and it is not improbable that in refusing to row he was actuated in part by other reasons. Next, Ellis Ward, after leading up to the turn, and apparently having things as he wanted them, came to grief at the hands of St. John sculler, who had not been regarded as a dangerous customer, but who gave the Hudson highlander considerably more than he could attend to, though the pace was at no time particularly fast. Then came the second heat of the Sculls and first surprise of the afternoon, the favorite, Luther, being pretty badly beaten by both Hanlon (who didn't have occasion to row so fast as on the day before) and Plaisted; indeed, he wasn't in it at any time—a fact which greatly puzzled some people to account for, though we presume it is susceptible of solution upon other grounds than inability to do better, though we don't think he could have made his shell travel fast enough to win—a deduction based upon a comparison of his past achievements with those of the Canadian oarsman. 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**Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.**

### THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending SEPT. 9, MONDAY, Sept. 11.

LADIES' LIST.

Antonio, Tillie
Avery, Carrie
Ashton, Mrs. S. G. & Co.
Aymar, Mrs. Maggie
Atkinson, Maude
Bartello, Mrs. Carrie
Bland, Edith
Barnard, Mrs. M.
Barry, Virginia E.
Buchannan, Virginia
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Balcone, Mrs. Effie L.
Brandon, Nellie
Celeste, Mlle. (wire-walker)
Carey, Nellie
Carlton, Nellie
Cammara, Marie H.
Datalle, Mad.
Deane, Allie
Doyle, Minnie 5c.
Dunbar, Adah
Doe, Laura
Dunham, Christie
De Mar, Mollie
Dalton, Catharine
Dixon, Jennie S.
Delmay, Lo-lo
Edwards, Nellie
Flemming, Nellie
Fiske, Marion
Forrester, Ada
Griste, Mrs. Emma F.
Gilman, Ada
Geraldine, Mad.
Guy, Minnie (of Guy Family)
Gray, Ada
Hogan, Julia
Hall, Albertine
Herrman, Mrs. Addie
Hyer Sisters Co., Agnes
Howitt, Belle (2)
Hawthorn, May
Harrison, Miss H. H. 5c.
Hastings, Lizzie (p. o.m. Birmingham, Eng.)
Howard, Katie (vocalist)
Janauschek, Mad.
Kellogg, Clara Louise
Katzman, Pauline
Kane, Mrs. M. J.
Logan, Olive
Le Point, Lottie
Lee, Rosalie Sherdan & Macks Co.)
Leona, Mlle. (gymnast)
Lloyd, Rosa
Lawrence Sisters
Lengei, Kate
Lawarnie, Lizzie
Lynwood, Ada (balladist)
Le Roy, Kittie
May, Clara (vocalist)
Munroe, Mrs. Gracie
Meeks, Ella
Mortimer, Jennie
Murray, Mrs. Alice Ross
Minnette, Emma
Morris, Josie
Neville, Mrs. Hetty
Narcross, Hallie
Neville, Emma J.
Otto, Mrs. Rohardine
Rainford, Clara
Ruperte, Florence
Rinehart, Mrs. "Sam"
Richards, Belle
Robinson, Minnie (vocalist)
Richmond Sisters (2)
Smith, Pauline
Swinburne, Marie H. 5c.
St. Felix, Leanora
St. Felix, Mad.
St. Felix, Henrietta
St. Felix, Clemention
Sanford, Nellie
Stanley, Nellie
Stanley, Kittie
Shepard, Miss H.
Saunders, Julia
Selwyn, Blanche
Scott, La Mira
Stoneall, Mrs. Clara
Stoddart, May
Stanley, Maude
Streaton, Mrs. Chas.
Stickney, Virginia
Thompson, Mrs. W.
Theadore, May (3)
Valade, Fannie or Mrs. (2)
Whitney, Emma (vocalist) (3)
Wilkinson, Mrs. Lillie
Willett, Maggie (2)
Ward, Jennie
West, Estee
Wilton, "Daisie"
Woods, Carrie
Whitland, Kittie (2)
Whitney, Eva
Wood, Carrie
Wren, Martha (2)
Watson, Rose
Young, Mrs. Chas.
Yeomans, Annie
Zephy, Millie
Zoerner, Anna

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Adams, "Ned" (Dutch "biz")
Ashley, John W.
Aymar, Wm.
Austins, "The Merry"
Atkinson, Mr. Ross
Arnold, Chas. G.
Evans, F. A.
Elliott, "Dick" (side-show "biz")
Amidy, J.
Elviro, Thos.
Fowler, W. W.
Frampton, Wilby
Fowler, Wm. M.
Fleury, Fernando
Fredi, J. W.
Fiske, M. W. (2)
Fitzgerald, J. C.
Frazer, Jas. (2)
Fales, Ed. (circus "biz")
Farrello, Sig. A.
Fowler, H. W. (with F. T. Barnum)
Foster, Wm.
Forrest, H. (of Gt. South. Cir.)
Fawcombe, "Bobby" (2)
Fortescue, Mr. "F. W." (2)
Fox, Chas. F.
Green, "Jimmy"
Gregory, C. J. (2)
Gulick, Jos. A.
Gleason, Chas. B.
Goodwin, Thos.
Gorman, Jno. D.
Green, Jr. (of Howes' Cir.)
Goodman, Frank
Georgs, "Ben" (of La Rue's Co.)
Goodwin, F. J. L.
Glammona, Antonio
Gleason, P.
Gage, Clint.
Gale, Walter (2)
Graham, Peter
Gliddon, Chas.
Grau, J. (of European Concert)
Gilday & Ginnivan
Gardner, Chas.
Hudson, Harry B.
Harper, Thos.
Holley, James
Homan, Geo. W.
Hladay, "Tommy"
Herndon, L. F.
Havens, L. (3)
Herndon, T. J.
Harrington, N. P.
Hamilton, Jno.
Hamilton, Jno. W.
Hill, J. (of Fisher's Co.)
Hale, C. (of Purdish's Co.)
Heywood Bros.
Hyde, J. Milton
Hennessey Bros.
Heigh, "Bobby" (4)
Heywood, Jas.
Howes & Cushings Circus
Hughes, A. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Hayden, W. B.
Irwin, J. E.
Jeffrey, Jno. H.
Jones, Col. H. (agent)
Jee, Harry
Jackson, Hart.
Johnsoff, Chas. 5c.
Jones, Walter
James, S.
"J. W. G."
Kent, Chas.
Kanaga, Mr. (of Philadelphia)
Klein, A.
Kinsley, S. G.
Keyes, D. A.
Keller, F. F.
Kerr, H. E.
Kennedy, "Dan"
Kerr, H. K.
Ludwig, Len.
Leak, W. H.
Levine, Jo. (of Levino Bros.)
Little, Harry
Leavitt, M. B.
Lawson, F. P.
Le Clair, John
Leon, Prof. (of Murray & Co.)
Limebeck, Harry
Lyons, Geo. W.
Lewis, "Dan"
Lamint, "biz"
Leamey, B. (with Valdes' Sisters)
Kiein, Dr. (of Leamey & Co.)
Lenton Bros.
Leonard, Jos. A 5c.
Lawlor, W. F.
Lovelock, Jno.
Lavake, "Will"
Murphy, J. C. (of Robinson & Hall)
Thompson, Jas. H.
"Miaco Combination"
Mack, J. (of Worden & Mack) (2)
MacIntosh, Robt. "Manager"
Macks, Jno. A.
Miaco, Wm.
Melvin, Frank
Meader & "Andy"
Mann, "Billy"
MacEvoy, Chas.
Miaco, T. S. (2)
McWade, R.
Meitz, Rudolph
Mortimer, "Gus"
McGladdery, Owen
Miles, Wm. G.
Maffitt, John J. (2)
Montague, Harry
Murray, Mr. Alex
Murray, Geo. W.
Mexwell, Harry
Maryon, T. (2)
Merriam, Jno.
McCann, J. Ray
Morris, "Tim" (late Indianapi's)
Marvig, Mons.
Mackay, Murillo
Macauley, "Barney"
Murray, Dominick
Morgan, W. (equestrian)
Washburn, F. S. (4)
Whitman, Chas.
Wesley, John
Wildman, F. J.
Walton, Whimsical
Williamson, T. B.
Weaver, S. F.
Wilde, Harry H
Wagner, "Cal"
Ware, George
Watson & Kelly
Williams, W. H.
Williams, J. H.
Wells, G. M.
Whitaker, R. H.
Wallace, J. J.
Worden & Mack (2)
Welling, Wm.
White, Fred.
Wolhalla, Jno.
Walters, Chas. E.
Wells, C. B.
Webb, J. H.
Woods, Col. (late of Woods, Ark.)
Watson, W. (p. o. m. Nottingham, Eng.)
Watson, J. (p. o. m. Nottingham, Eng.)
Yales, The

Peters, James
Pritchard, Robt.
Pollock, J. A.
Potts, Charlie
Perah, James
Parsons, Harry
Phoit, J.
Pattens, M.
Parks, J. J.
Pierson, W. H.
Phillips, H. E. (press agent)
Pastor, "Billy"
Phoite, Jos.
Ross, W. A.
Race, W. H.
Reilly, John
Randall, (musician)
Robinson, "Dot" (with Peak Family)
Robinson, F. P.
Raden, M.
Robinson, Wm. J. (musician) (2)
Robinson, Wm. B. (5)
Rowe, Geo. F.
Robinson, C. (of Robinson Cir.)
Rivers, H. (circus "biz")
Rouke, J. (of Rouke Circus
Radcliff, James
Reed, Chas. (late of Boston)
Robinson, Fayette L.
Robinson, "Yankee"
Sanford, W. F. (vocalist)
Shirley, H. (musician)
Squires, A. P.
Smith & Fox
Sharpe, Gilbert
Stephens, Alfred S. (3)
Stowe, W. H. (of Cook's Cir.)
Sully Bros.
Showles, "Jake"
Smith, "Billy" (banjoist & comed.)
Scully, Daniel F.
Scott, A. (of Scott & Bryant)
Sprague, D. J. (3)
Sullivan, J. J.
Stone, H. F.
Spear, "Andy"
Sanyeah, Saml.
Stetson, E. T.
Stowe, "Will" H.
Strickland, W. H.
Sands, "Will" A.
"Swiss Bella" (2)
Shields, J. H.
Slate, Harry (2)
Simmonds, Harry
Simmonds, Capt. S.
Strong, D. A.
Stiles, Arthur
Smith, Mr. B.
Shayfield, John
Sully, "Dan"
Starring & Drew
Tinkham, E. A. (2)
Treiber, John
Taylor, Alberr 13c.
Towe, B.
Tracy, John
Taylor, G. A.
Thompson, Chas.
Taber, J. W.
Tilla, W. H.
Thompson, "Jeff"
Thall, Horace
Templeton, Jno.
Thornton, Chas.
Trewolla, Jno. H.
Tyler, G. H. 6c.
Theadore, Chas.
Vanderbilt, Frank
Vaughan, Harry
Weston Bros. & Murphy
Wild, Marshall P.
Watson, H. (of Watson & Sherman)
Whitbeck, Frank (ventriloquist)
Ward, W. H. (with Bunt & Bend Min.)
Wells, Harry (musician)
Worden, R. (of Worden & Mack)
Watson, Saml. (equestrian)
Washburn, F. S. (4)
Whitman, Chas.
Wesley, John
Wildman, F. J.
Walton, Whimsical
Williamson, T. B.
Weaver, S. F.
Wilde, Harry H
Wagner, "Cal"
Ware, George
Watson & Kelly
Williams, W. H.
Williams, J. H.
Wells, G. M.
Whitaker, R. H.
Wallace, J. J.
Worden & Mack (2)
Welling, Wm.
White, Fred.
Wolhalla, Jno.
Walters, Chas. E.
Wells, C. B.
Webb, J. H.
Woods, Col. (late of Woods, Ark.)
Watson, W. (p. o. m. Nottingham, Eng.)
Watson, J. (p. o. m. Nottingham, Eng.)
Yales, The

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say they saw them advertised in the CLIPPER.

### INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Sept. 11, '76.

This is where the difficulty lies: If a dramatic critic, or reporter, or even the editor of a newspaper, writes a play with a view of its production on the American stage as a sample of native talent and true genius, the remainder of the press gang, envious of the probabilities of the success of the party of the first part, have a sort of tacit understanding among themselves that they will go for that unfortunate person, that they will make it warm for him, as it were, and crush his play, "though the heavings fail," in a manner speaking. So you will perceive that, no matter how clever the alleged dramatist may be, no matter what merit his bantling possesses, he goes into the fight, as we might say, with his hands tied behind him; and a lot of conspirators a-punching him and otherwise using him in a very ungentlemanly and discourteous manner. So, with these disadvantages encumbering his unroxy path at the outset, with preliminary notices damning the piece before it has been presented to the notice of a discerning and appreciative public, and with the fear of the mysterious influence of the press—that "mighty lever of public opinion"—the author of this new play is made to feel sick and discouraged, and in his agony of mind he regrets that he ever forsook his legitimate field to make his way in the mazy walks of the drama. The eventful night is here, and the conspirators are on hand in force, with pencils newly-sharpened and with an eye single to the annihilation of the author and the damnation of his play. The fatal hour has arrived, and in force—they tear his "brutal" play all to tatters, and they excoriate the author in such a dreadful manner as to lead to the impression that he is the victim of Joseph Goss' or Thomas Allen's handiwork—he is killed as dead as a blue-tailed fly in a spider's web, and his character will not dare show his face among men. Then one of the Christian conspirators determines to profit by the annihilation of his illustrious predecessor, and see what *he* can do in the way of erecting an American play, feeling assured of the support of his confreres in the late assassination. Better, far better for him had he been a sepoy warrior, caught in the act, and blown from the combined mouths of a hundred cannons! They attack him in front and rear, and on both flanks, and drop hand-grenades upon him from a balloon "kindly loaned for this occasion only." Then they bring a stretcher, and cold him together, and lay his mother-in-law in his bier, and that satisfies *her*. So when another "gentleman of this city," a prominent journalist, tries *his* hand, by and with the advice and consent of the other gentlemen of the press, he feels so confident, so assured, of a favorable hearing, that a disinterested observer might fancy that he had just come from the funeral of his wife's mother, who had left him a legacy of two or three hundred dollars. He looks real pleasant and comfortable, and fit to write for a man's life—to such an extent has he been encouraged by the others. But hold! or, in other language, avast there! There is another power—a power greater than the press itself—at work for the overthrow of this erstwhile conspirator; yes, truly, the actors whom he has so often foully wronged in his assaults upon the latest new American play "have it in for him," and are calmly awaiting the opportunity to convince him that he is but a cumberer of the ground, an incubus upon society, merely a mite among the mighty. Feeling secure in the promised support of his brother-journalists, in whom there is no guile, he goes to the theatre in the pride of matured manhood, and with the consciousness that the great American play is on the eve of an enthusiastic reception and an immense success. Deluded man! The players are playing football with his play, and in the frenzy of the moment the author fancies that he is Doctor Helmbold, just returned to *another* insane-asylum! The leading man has turned his heroic creation into a vile and disgusting William Sikes, while the comedian is doing injustice to *his* part as a first-class tragedian. Could burlesque go farther? They cut out his own classical language, and substitute gags of their own, made upon the spot; they even go so far in their mad career as to introduce a double song-and-dance, and a pathetic ballad beginning "Come, all my gallant pardners, and listen to me song," etc.; and they massacre author and play just as if they had "it" on Jersey soil, and were in the hands of the Philistines of that good and pious country! Then they dig a hole and bury the deceased completely out of sight, while they put away his little trousers. And so the work goes on, dear friends; all, you will observe, at the expense of American authors, who are slaughtered like shellfish at a New England clam-bake! But list! After a supposed intermission of fifteen years, one of these acting assassins becomes a star, and would fain have him a new American play. To this end he engages the services of a man who isn't a dramatic critic, who isn't a reporter, who isn't even an editor; and to this negative writer he agrees to pay fourteen thousand dollars, be the same more or less, for a first-class American play, suited to the star's calibre! The exchange is made, and the two men go their ways. But hark! What sound vibrates upon the ear? 'Tis the voice of the press-gang redivivus! They were not dead, but sleeping. And they thirst for blood, for the blood of the actor who went back on their associate, and killed him with malice prepense. Here is a chance to get even with the disciple of Thespis, to get away with the wearer of the sock and buskin. Now, by our halidam, what means this wild huzza upon the evening breeze? 'Tis like the coming of an army with banners; yea, 'tis the combined strength of the press, and murder is in their hearts! Too late! Too late! The actors, now warned, are forearmed, and they play as never men played before; the public rise in their seats and applaud like it was Goldsmith Maid a-doing a mile in 2:13¾! The critics sneer and bite their thumbs at them. 'Tis a struggle between might and right, between prejudice and a just appreciation of an American author and of an American play, with the public on the side of equality and justice! And so the battle stands to-day, with the opposing factions making faces at one another, and preparing for the next American victim.....Here let us kindly bury the little hatchet of discord, and, by uniting in a common cause, bring order out of chaos. Pry thee, list whilst we a poetic gem compose on

THE PRESS AND THE ACTOR MATRIMONIAL.

The brave "Two Orphans" soon again will in our city star;
Why not unite them with the famed "Two Men of Sandy Bar?"

Palmer and Shook would aid them; and, to make their pathways sunny,
Daly might offer them a "Home," and also furnish *Money*.

If *his's a den, or palace*, since love is surely there.
Then wandering out, when late at night (perchance ere they're "Mammas"),
They'll sit within the city *Park*, a-gazing at the "Stars."

Then Bierson, with Le Palmer romids us that, though he is not a musician, he frequently *makes "overtures" for new people!*.....Sporting-men will be interested to learn that Daly wagers that his coming season will be a success, and is ready to back his opinion by "putting up" "*Money*."..... And this allusion to sporting subjects brings to an amateur to ask whether we've seen Sothern row? Our reply is, "No; but we've seen *Fawcett Rowe!*".....And did you know that Sothern has become a plaintive ballad-singer? Fact! And his favorite song is, "*There's no Place Like Home.*"

.....A friend "seeks" for information. He wishes to learn whether the late J. B. Stewart "was an actor, and, if so, in what theatre did he perform?" There is a wild story extant that the deceased, when a wayfaring lad, acted on the German one-keyed flute; but whether he did this for his own amusement or to please the public, history does not inform us. Another friend "asks" if we wish to bring to your notice, so that you may not go through the world ignorant of the first laws of algebra; and so we hasten to inform you that the difference between a brave philanthropist and Mr. Harrigan is, that one *keeps his heart manly*, and the other his "*Mart Kandy!*".....Our friend has just come to a knowledge as to our exchanges in search of a notice of a new curiosity. He says it was about a boy who was either six feet four in height, or four feet six, he forgets which. He thinks some sideshowman might like to secure him.....The only man who *did* see the fight between Walker and Weeden is to be put on exhibition, we are told, in the main building of the Centennial Exposition. And here we might add, that when the detectives came across the path of the victor in that contest, and asked him if he was the survivor of the conflict, the latter unwittingly showed that he was "Six a Sporadic!" We found Edwin Booth's writes to say that Jarrett & Palmer must be *very short-sighted*, or they wouldn't require *spectacles*. This ignorant person ought to be set up as a target for the rifle-shooters at Creedmoor!.... Talking about that, when Niblo's brings out its play, and Booth's combines its gorgeous presentation, New York will be favored with a *pair* of spectacles. Poetry *in re*

NIBLO'S.

We always wail for "Babas," so
Of this rule there's no exception;
But on the twenty-eighth it "shows"
With splendor and without deception,
With Golden Locks, so rare and rare,
And an *Elton Young* and fair!

.....A man from Sandy's bar wants to know how the actress at the Union-square Theatre can be both a *Don* and a "Donna." Sure enough! .....There is a way to display a man's models in Memorial Hall and its annex at the Centennial Exhibition; but a pious friend of ours assures us that there was a more realistic display, more true to nature, at a private exhibition on the outskirts of the big show previous to the destruction of the place by fire.....We now take occasion on hand to inform you that the newest refrain is: "Boys, boys, boys, the *tramps* are marching!".....Only to think of it—a circus manager assures us that he has not earned his *Summer's sail* this season. That's bad enough; and how to settle up his *back Spring board* is what puzzles him. The *Field* comes to him on his pine again.....But to return to our muttons—or rather to our *Oates*—let us not forget that the sprightly little singer is to give us a season of her popular operas, and the *grasingers* should bear this fact in mind. It is nobody's business how she manages to make her fortune, or how many managers desire to go pards with her; it all goes to show that she is in great demand, and that she is more popular now than ever. Jimmy, a few turns of the crank in behalf of

OUR FAVORITE OATES.

The fascinating *Mrs. O.*,
Whom all our public *misses so*,
Appears to us beneath the rule
Of Colville, Donnelly and Poole—
All three of whom, we beg to state,
Are known as managers of *weight!*

### CITY SUMMARY.

AT THE COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE the new people this week will be Mary Howes, Kittie Schrader, Minnie Walters, Laura Clifton and Prof. Le Lois' troupe of statuary performers. J. Charles Davis is connected with the business department of this theatre.

CHARLES J. FYFFE arrived in town from Halifax, N. S., Sept. 8.

SINCE THE ADVENT of cool weather, a marked increase in the attendance has been observed at Kelly & Leon's Minstrels. The changes made in the programme including the singing of "Billy Wood the Poet," by Edwin Kelly; "The Voice of the Mountain Land," by C. H. Gordon; Leon in a new act entitled "Miss Romp the Young Hyena," which was given in a colored face, and met with success; Geo. Watson, who reappeared and gave songs-and-dances, and dancing sentence; an old act with the new title of "Two Men Behind the Bar;" and a burlesque entitled "Sir Dan O'Pallas, Chief of the Assyrian Jim Jams." New scenery had been painted for it, which caricatured some of the principal scenes in "Sardanapalus," and there was a burlesque ballet, singing which Leon did some really excellent dancing in imitation of a premiere. Edwin Kelly acted Sir Dan O'Pallas; C. H. Gordon, Salami; W. Ball, Sore-Ina; C. Tilton, Ah-brace-up; and Leon, Myrrha. The burlesque made a hit, and apparently answers the purpose intended.

CONNORS AND KELLY, acrobatic song-and-dance men; the Watson Brothers, who were seen in evolutions on the horisontal bar, and later in a grotesque brother act; Sophie Victoria, a pleasing vocalist; and Minnie Seaman, who warbled serio comic songs, were the fresh people at the Parisian Varieties last week. The programme also included Lotelle Macarthy in songs with changes of costume; male character songs by Minnie Hall; dancing by Mlle. Bertha; character songs by Harry Macarthy; banjo-songs by Horace Weston; and the sketches of "Sitting Bull," "Barney's Courtship," and "Legs on the Brain."

MR. SOTHERN closed his engagement at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on Saturday night last, having acted David Garrick until Friday night, and Lord Dundreary the remainder of the week, to satisfactory business. The theatre will be closed Sept. 11, and on the 12th Mr. Daly will commence the eighth regular season of his management with the production of "Money."

THE ATTENDANCE at Booth's Theatre has continued large since our last report, and "Sardanapalus" may be said to have started upon a prosperous career.

THE FALL AND WINTER SEASON at Wood's Museum was inaugurated Sept. 4 by the production of the spectacular drama of "The Ice Witch," which held the stage at the evening's performances during the week. It was acted by the company, a list of which was published in our past issue. At the matinees Miss Sophia Miles acted the leading role in "The Mechanic's Wife." Business good. The prices of admission have been reduced to the following standard: Matinees, 15cts., 25cts. and 50cts.; evening performances, 20cts., 35cts., 50cts. and 75cts.

GEORGE HOEY and May Kathleen Bevins, a niece of the late Barney Williams, were married Sept. 6 in the Dominican Church of St. Joseph by Rev. Father Slinger, O. D.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE DEVERE and some thirty dancers, who are to appear in "Baba" at Niblo's Garden, arrived from England in the steamship Canada Sept. 7.

THE TITLE of Augustin Daly's new play, which is to succeed "Money" at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, is "Life, as a Comedy of City Types in Four Phases." Miss Amy Fawsitt, Mr. Charles Coghlan, and the strength of the entire company will be included in the cast.

AS THE MUSICAL SEASON at Gilmore's Garden draws to a close the attractions increase, and there are now underlined several events which look for large audiences, as the distribution of prizes on Friday next to the successful riflemen in the Centennial matches; Levy's benefit on the 16th, at which a strong array of talent is announced and the opening of the Horticultural Exhibition on the 19th. The musical features, both instrumental and vocal, still continue as popular as formerly, and excellent programmes are the rule.

MUSICAL NOTES.—The Aschenbrodel Society of musicians gave a second concert of classical chamber music at their rooms in Fourth street on Friday evening last. The same high standard of instrumental execution was reached as at their former entertainments, the executants being Messrs. A. Eller, H. Schmits, H. Kayser, R. Reuter, T. Currant, C. Uthof, R. Arnold, J. Eller, H. Rheineccius.....

"La Fille de Mme. Angot," in an English form, is the opening opera to be given by the Oates Troupe at the Grand Opera-house Sept. 13.

MRS. EMMA WALLER will give dramatic recitals at Steinway Hall Sept. 18.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS have done a good business since our last report. The programme which was given during the opening week of the season was continued without change, and has given much satisfaction.

CHARLES R. THORNE JR. and family returned to the city from Cohasset, Mass., on Sept. 5.

EMILY LOUISE, youngest daughter of Charles S. and Emily R. Mitchell, died Sept. 6, aged 11 months and 14 days. The funeral took place Sept. 8.

JOE HENRY, who has been performing with Sam Hague's Minstrels in Liverpool, Eng., for some time past, arrived in this city during the past week.

MISS MAGGIE WESTON, who made a pronounced success in singing character-songs, while attired in male apparel; Miss Marie Sherman, a pleasing ballad-singer; and John Peasly, who sang songs with an "I without cork upon his face, among them a new one entitled "Something That's Never Been Done," were the newcomers at the Theatre Comique the past week. Miss Adah Richmond sang "I'll Go Back to Erin" and "The Centennial Show;" Eally and Ryan in character songs-and-dances; banjo songs by Billy Carter, and the sketches of "The Sewing-machine," with Billy Barry as Horace Needles; "An Editor's Troubles," "S. O. T.," and "Down in Dixie," the chief characters of all of which were impersonated by Edward Harrigan and Tony Hart, filled out the programme. Business has continued excellent.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT, Miss Jennie Engle, the Robinson Family and George B. Edeson were the additions to the company of the Olympic Novelty Theatre on Sept. 4. Mr. Knight won much applause and elicited no little laughter by singing German dialect songs. Miss Jennie Engle, who was costumed with good taste, sang popular songs, and was compelled to respond to numerous encores. The Robinson Family, consisting of Lizzie, Nellie and Master Dick, gave songs-and-dances, accompanying themselves upon the violin, harp and banjo, and meeting with a fair degree of success. George B. Edeson acted the character of Ned the idiot in the closing sketch, called "The Idiot Friend." The Orrin Brothers, during their acrobatic feats, introduced a novelty in the way of head-balancing. Discarding the use of the skull-cap, or any head-covering gener lly seen in similar feats, one brother balanced a chair, chair downwards, upon his head, and while in that position poured from a bottle a glass of wine, which he handed to him, and which the latter drank while in an inverted position. A circuit of the entire stage was subsequently made without their equilibrium being disturbed. The other acts included Hester Martin and Mabel Fox in "Sweet Violets;" Frank Lee, songs by Mlle. Cecile Lecompte; Walters and McKee in "Mischief;" the Freeman Sisters in their musical specialties; a burlesque stump-speech by Bob Hart; banjo songs by Sam Devere; and revolving-globe performances by John Gilbreth. Business good.

ADOLPH NEUENDORF, manager of the Germania Theatre, returned from Bremen on the steamship Gellert, which arrived Sept. 6.

NOVELTIES THIS WEEK IN CITY THEATRES.—At the Theatre Comique Johnson and Bruno and Frank Bell.....At the Olympic Novelty Theatre the Russian athletes, Bertha and Ida Foy, Commodore Nutt, Major Nutt and Gus Lee, Miss Bettie Remmelsberg, Mlle. Antoinette Corssi, the Barlow Brothers and Hugh Fay.....At Hitchcock's Third-avenue Theatre, Cool Burgess, assisted by Wood's Museum Company, in "Under the Gaslight".....At the Parisian Varieties, Mlle. Annetta Galletti, Armstrong and Oaks, and Mons. Cardella.

THE PARK THEATRE is to be opened for the regular season Sept. 25, with Lotta. Mr. Stuart Jackson will be the manager, and William Stuart treasurer.

THE COMPANY engaged at the Fifth-avenue Theatre for the season of 1876-7 includes Charles Coghlan, W. Davidge, John Brougham, Charles Fisher, George Parkes, H. Harkins, James Lewis, Frank Henderson, Jr., Joseph Wheelock, Jr., John Drew, Jr., Ringgold, W. H. Crisp, Owen Fawcett, Frank Bennett, John Moore, C. Bainbridge, Charles Rockwell, C. Leclercq, C. H. Morton, W. Beekman, George Gilbert, the Misses Amy Fawsitt, Jeffreys Lewis, Mary Wells, Emily Rigl, Fanny Davenport, Sydney Cowell, Ida Gilman, Alice Grey, Hattie Richmond, Helen Dingeon, Florence Gerald, Marian Mordaunt, Josephine Drew, Josie Moore, Kate Holland, Annie Deland, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Vinton, Storrs, and Chester. Many of these will be employed in the traveling company playing "Pique."

DELEHANTY AND CUMMINGS, who were seen in a musical act which we think by the former, entitled "Romance and Reality," and which was favorably received, and Miss Eunice Moore, an attractive serio-comic, were the fresh appearances at Hitchcock's Third-avenue Theatre last week, where the business was very good during the early part, and on Friday and Saturday evenings every seat and foot of standing space was comfortably occupied. The minstrel first-part was continued; Sheridan and Mack were seen in their freshest sketch entitled "Heindrick's Return;" Edna Markley sang pleasing songs; Dollie Warren was seen in her specialty of "The Bootblack;" Downey and Richardson repeated their triple-clog; Rickey and Barney gave "The Mulcahey Twins," and the sketches of "Casey the Piper," "Dick Turpin and Tom King" and "The Two Orphans" introduced other members of the company not otherwise seen, and Ida Devere and the ballet in "Ali Baba" were largely engaged to perform.

AT THE Chateau Mabille Varieties the company announced in our past issue were seen in a sensational programme. No new people are announced.

JOHN THOMPSON is to be the star this week at the Bowery Theatre, acting in a drama entitled "Moses the Old Man," which will be preceded by the farce of "The Young Widow."

ALEX. FITZGERALD closed his engagement at Wood's Museum, Sept. 9. Although his name was classified with the company engaged for the season, he was engaged only for a single week.

## DRAMATIC.

### Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a LIGHT BLUE COLOR, with the engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the names of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office, and date of Sept. 1, 1876. Attention is hereunto called to the fact that only the above authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other upon our paper's behalf. Managers will please bear this imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and, if it be presented by any person not in the employ of the paper, THE CLIPPER managers and others will confer a favor if they will retain it and mail it to this office. Applicants for the position of correspondent will please bear in mind that we are instructed to consider silence a negative. Applications need NOT be made for the position of TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT, as THE CLIPPER never employs any person in that capacity.

AT THE BROOKLYN (L. I.) THEATRE, a preliminary season was inaugurated on Sept. 4, Miss Minnie Palmer appearing for the first time in a new play, written expressly for her, entitled "Kisses." The play does not possess much merit. It seems to be a combination of both sensational and domestic drama, and the author evidently taking the salient points of several plays, and then stringing them together in a manner that gives no continuity of action or plot. It is difficult to learn the reason of its title being "Kisses," the name being in no way applicable to it so far as we can see, its spirit being tragic or melodramatic, if anything, instead of serio-comic. In the role of Tulip, Miss Palmer looked pleasing, and acted in considerable zest. The cast comprised, in addition to Messrs. Phillips, Plympton, Seymour and Hind—respectively the Marquis De Villemer, Henri De Villemer, Picot and Jean Dumont—two well-known amateurs, Messrs. Wm. Lusk and P. F. Coulter, as M. Imfont and Officer of the Court. Mr. Lusk was a prominent member of the Amauth Society, and ably interpreted a round of characters in the highest walks of the drama. He has adopted the stage on account of financial embarrassments, he having been heretofore extensively engaged in the wholesale tea trade. It is reported that, after he has had a short experience in the professional stage, the management of this house will transplant him to the boards of the Union-square Theatre. The scenic effects introduced were neat and appropriate. The two ladies in the cast, Misses Mary Davenport and Stella Boniface, had little, but did their little acceptably. The attendance throughout the week was light. E. A. Sothern Sept. 11 for one week. Letter of Sept. 11.

THE JULE KEEN AND SALLIE ADAMS COMBINATION began a week's engagement at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 4, opening with "The Lady Glove," which gave way to "Chris and Lena," which ran the remainder of the week. The latter drew full houses, and the whole company were good. Jule Keen and Miss Adams closed 9, going to Cleveland, O. Lester Wallack is to open an engagement with "Rosedale" following in the management and company entire. Managers, Messrs. Abbey & Schoeffel; treasurer, G. L. Smith; stage-director, E. A. Locke; assistant stage-manager, E. A. Aberle; scenic artist, Fred Stanfield; master machinist, Thos. Duncan; property-man, Chas. Lauren; chief of wardrobe, J. Connery; wardrobe mistress, Miss Neville Duncan; prompter, Locke, comedian; G. B. Waldron, leading heavies; T. F. Egberts, leading juvenile; J. B. Everham, first old men; R. S. Hill, first walking gent; Wm. Cullington, walking gent and general business; J. M. Nelson, second business; Miss Isabel Waldron, leading lady; Miss Anna Bleakey, juvenile and soubrette; Mrs. Vanderen, first old women; Pauline Merritt and Jennie De Lacy, walking ladies. The following attractions are already booked for the season: Minnie Palmer, Frank Mayo, Lotta, Lester Wallack, Western, Chas. Fechter, Anna Dickinson, Kate Claxton, Mary Anderson, Maggie Mitchell, Kiraly Combination, Adelaide Neilson, Frank Chanfrau, J. E. Owens, Rose Eytinge, Fannie Janauschek, G. Fawcett Rowe, Lotta, Charlotte Thompson, J. T. Raymond, Mrs. Howard's "Uncle Tom" Troupe, Jarrett & Palmer's "Julius Cæsar," the Arnot Combination, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, Mrs. Oates' Comic-opera and the Holman Opera Troupe. Letter of Sept. 10.

THE WORRELL SISTERS—Sophie and Irene—have organized a company for a tour of New England, appearing as follows: Stamford, Ct., Sept. 11, South Norwalk 12, Norwalk 13, 14, during the Fairfield Co. fair, Danbury 15, Bridgeport 16, New Haven 18. Sam Villa is stage-manager. Geo. Richards, just arrived from California, is also a member of the company, Hallam's orchestra and Oberfeld's brass band are attached to the organization. Chas. H. Day is business-agent, and can be addressed as per card.

THE ARNOT COMBINATION performed last week in Columbus, O., and the business manager contradicts the report that the company collapsed in Lancaster, Pa., adding that business is good.

THE FALL SEASON of De Bar's Opera-house and the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., will begin Sept. 11. At the former establishment Minnie Palmer will present her new play, entitled "Kisses," and at the latter place C. W. Barry will appear as Long Tom Coffin in the nautical drama of "Echoes." Both houses anticipate a prosperous season.....The familiar face of Gilman, alice Grey, Hattie Richmond, Helen Dingeon, Florence Gerald, Marian Mordaunt Sydney Drew, Josie Moore, Kate Holland, Annie Deland, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Vinton, Storrs, and Chester. Many of these will be employed in the traveling company playing "Pique."

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JOHN THOMPSON is to be the star this week at the Bowery Theatre, acting in a drama entitled "Moses the Old Man," which will be preceded by the farce of "The Young Widow."

ALEX. FITZGERALD closed his engagement at Wood's Museum, Sept. 9. Although his name was classified with the company engaged for the season, he was engaged only for a single week.

## DRAMATIC.

### Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a LIGHT BLUE COLOR, with the engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the names of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office, and date of Sept. 1, 1876. Attention is hereunto called to the fact that only the above authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other upon our paper's behalf. Managers will please bear this imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and, if it be presented by any person

DEATH OF LEW CAVANA.—About three o'clock Sunday morning, Sept. 3, Lew Cavana, who, with his brother Jerry, have been filling a season engagement at the Academy of Music, Terre Haute, Ind., fell from the fourth-story window of the National Hotel, a distance of forty feet, killing himself almost instantly, wrote a correspondent on Sept. 4, adding: "There are various opinions as to the probable manner in which the accident occurred, but the most plausible theory, and the one generally accepted, is that he was in a somnambulistic state, and in walking too near the window (which is only a few inches above the floor, and which was open to its fullest capacity) stepped out, and was dashed to pieces before he awoke. He was buried at four o'clock Sunday afternoon by the Order of Knights of Pythias, of which body he was a member. The coffin was decorated with flowers, and as much attention was paid to his burial as he could possibly have received had he died among his relatives and friends, instead of among comparative strangers. The entire Academy company attended the funeral in carriages furnished by the K. of P., who insisted on bearing all expenses." From a newspaper, published in Terre Haute, of the issue of Sept. 4, we glean the following particulars: "There were four persons sleeping in the room, which is No. 63, and at one time, about two o'clock, one of them, being awake, discovered Cavana on the floor, and awakened him, thinking he would catch cold there. Cavana was very much surprised to find that he was out of bed, and the inference that he was in a state of somnambulism is probably correct. There are two windows in the room—both of them were open, and the beds but a few feet from them. * * * In his descent his body collided with the iron bars to which are attached to the jewelry sign of Mr. Cal. Thomas, causing it to bound across the sidewalk and into the gutter, and tearing the wires of the Atlantic and Pacific telegraph company from their fastenings. Officers Reagan, Hogan and Piper were on the other side of the street, nearly opposite the window from which the unfortunate man fell. Their first thought, judging from the noise, was that someone had broken in a large pane of glass. Going across the street they found the body lying in the gutter, head towards the east. Officer Piper at once started for a doctor, and Officer Calvert, in response to a police call, came up. One officer went into the hotel and procured a light, and the body was taken into the hotel office. Drs. Young and Preston were soon on the ground, but saw that the man's life was beyond all human power to save, and he must die in a few minutes. He breathed about fifteen minutes, and passed away without a struggle. From the wounds on the body, and from the position in which it was found, it is supposed that his head and left shoulder first came in contact with the pavement. When taken in the hotel it was discovered that the left side of the head was crushed in a most horrible manner, and life was almost extinct. The Coroner, being notified, summoned a jury, who rendered a verdict of accidental death." The funeral took place the same day, as stated by our correspondent. The deceased was a versatile performer, capable of playing almost every line of business known to the variety or minstrel stage, and at the time of his demise is said to have had engagements for twelve months ahead. He was thirty years of age, and his home was in Chicago, Ill., where he left an own and several step-sisters. His only brother, Jerry, was performing with him up to the time of his death.

JENNIE HUGHES, who did not seem to take at the Adelphi, Chicago, Ill., closes with this (last) week, going to Fox's, Philadelphia. Carrie Lavarnie, Herr Schlam and Baker and Doyle depart, also, but their destination is unknown. For the coming week we are to have the Phoites, grotesque dancers; Cincinnatus, song-and-dance; Goss and Fox, song-and-dance; Dollie Sell, serio-comic; Rose Le Grey, dancer; and a second engagement for one week has been concluded with Jem Mace and Steve Taylor, and the Pascal Sisters, opera-bouffe artists.....At the Coliseum, business has been fair. On their opening night they had one of the largest houses ever in the building. Dan and Josie Morris and Baby Thompson retire after the performance of the present (last) week, remaining in town for a short time. Billy Wylie and Ida Carlisle also leave; destination not known. For the ensuing week the fresh appearances will be the Gangero Troupe of Japanese; Charles Harris, banjoist; and Lotta Gray, serio-comic. Letter of Sept. 8.

FAIR HOUSES have been the order at the Adelphi, Albany, N. Y., the past week. The arrivals Sept. 4 were Fitzgerald and Ryan, Irish comedians; Gilday and Gineven, excellent song-and-dance men; Carrie Duncan, vocalist; and Harry Montague, comic vocalist. Last Saturday evening there occurred a smash-up at this establishment, the cause being the refusal of the performers and orchestra to proceed with the entertainment unless the manager paid the salaries owing them. Matters were very lively for quite about half an hour, during which time, it is said, the manager (W. B. Roser) skipped with the receipts of the evening. To please the audience, who were getting very noisy and dangerously demonstrative, some of the company consented to go on. There are various reports concerning the future of this place, one being that as soon as Mr. Roser can arrange his financial difficulties he will reopen; another that the majority of the company will remain and run the place on the commonwealth plan until they can get square. The latter is the more probable, and as the State fair begins on the 11th it is more than likely the losers will accomplish their object. The following are billed to appear 11: the Levanion Brothers, Frank George, Fred and Lizzie Byron, and Kitty Stanley. Advices of Sept. 10. We are further informed by W. W. Newcomb, the stage-manager of this theatre, that not one of the performers had been paid, some of the poor girls of the ballet having been turned into the street by the landlord for want of money to pay their board bills, and it was utterly impossible for them to get their salaries. Mr. Newcomb also says: "The place has done fairly, but the manager will not pay anybody. All who closed last Saturday night had to leave town without their money, and so will it be again to-night, and there are many of us who cannot get out of town unless we can sell. I write you this for the sake of saving others from being induced to come here."

T. M. HENGLER commences an engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., Sept. 18, appearing in his characteristic sketches embraced in "The Merry Minstrel."

DESPITE A HEAVY RAINSTORM, which occurred on the night of Sept. 4, the reopening of Ward's Operahouse (late Odeon), Newark, N. J., was quite a success, and standing-room only was in order all the week. The programme given was long, and, though the acts were mostly old, they met with the approbation of those present. The entertainment commenced with a minstrel first-part, Wm. Scott acting as interlocutor; Billy Chace, tambo; and Lew Davis, bones. Ballads were sung by May Marshall, Ada Sanborn, Jenny Belmont, Harry Blanchard and Wm. Scott, in the olio were seen Sam and Maud Sanyeah in their revolving-globe act; May Marshall in serio-comic songs, which were well rendered; Chace and Davis in a negro act entitled "A-la-Africa," which elicited applause; Harry Blanchard in descriptive vocalisms; Nina Nunz in magical illusions and statuary; Ada Sanborn in ballads; and the Poole Brothers, assisted by Mlle. Zaulo Poole and the midget Zaulo Poole, in their posturing act, and later the elder brothers in their excellent double pedestal clog-dances, the whole concluding with a sketch entitled "A Visit from Tramps." May Marshall closed her engagement 9, going to Brooklyn. Connors and Kelly commence 11.....At the Metropolitan the regular Fall season began Sept. 4. The improvements are magical, and a fine business was done the past week. The entertainment commenced, with a first part—Charley Burnham as bones; Wash Norton, tambo; and Will H. Vane, interrogator. This was followed by May Hawthorne in ballads; the Boissetts in a musical act entitled "Music Broke Loose;" Wash Norton in banjo solos, songs and imitations, well deserving the applause his act received; Fanny Morrello in serio-comic songs; Jules Tissott and Hugo Boissett in a trapeze-act—at the conclusion of which Tissott makes a fall from the trapeze (twenty feet from the floor) from the bend of the knee, alighting on his feet, which called forth hearty applause; Ada Stanwood in ballads; Signor Fabra, assisted by Mlle. Faltony, in a clever act of legerdemain; Mlle. Realta Boissett in feats of strength; and Will H. Vane in an excellent banjo and guitar act, and encore a Lancashire clog to his own accompaniment on the banjo, eliciting applause. The Boissetts' pantomime, entitled "Hankey Pankey," wound up the show. Those closing 9 were May Hawthorne and Wash Norton, to New York; Ada Stanwood, to Brooklyn; Wash Norton and the Boissett Family, to Haverly's Adelphi, Chicago, Ill. To open 11: the twin sisters French, Sam and Kitty Parker, Frank West, Jennie Wade and Frank Steele.....At the Coliseum Empire has been fair. The new people 4 were Ed. Ryan in negro and Irish character songs-and-dances, and Harry and Clara Fielding in their specialties. Closure 9: Maggie McCabe, to New York. To begin 11: Stella Duncan.....Coyne's Atlantic Garden succumbed to poor business at the close of the performance Sept. 2. Advices of Sept. 9.

BUSINESS WAS EXCELLENT at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., the past week. The newcomers Sept. 4 were T. Plummer and W. C. Stanton, two good burlesque performers; and Gibbon and Binney, clog-dancers. Departures 10 were Gibbon and Binney, to New York; Frank Harrison, to Hartford; and Mabel Pearl, to same place for two weeks, after which she returns to Providence for the season.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, O., the following are billed to appear Sept. 11: Alice Drew, the Big Dutch Quartette, the Singsle, the Willis Sisters, Jennie Fairly, Albert Siddons, Rockwell and Brown and Jennie Wade.

ALICE BATEMAN and Billy Noonan are to commence an engagement of eight months' duration on Oct. 2 at Thompson's Varieties, Dallas, Texas. Mlle. Albertine, dancer, is to begin a four months' engagement there Sept. 20, and on Oct. 2 the Morosco Family are to commence an engagement for a like period.

SLEEPER & THOMPSON, dramatic agents, advertise for first class specialty artists.

ED. BANKER AND GUS MILLS, in a new act by James Collins, entitled "A Terrible Fix," appear at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 18, thence to New Orleans, La., Oct. 9.

AT THE BARTON OPERA-HOUSE, Syracuse, N. Y., the business for the past week was good. The Valdis Sisters in their trapeze performances proved an attractive card. All the company are retained for next (this) week. New arrivals Sept. 11: Bryan O'Lynn and Clara Moore.

THE OSMOS VARIETIES, Baltimore, Md., has been crowded all the past week, wrote our correspondent on Sept. 10, continuing: "Lizzie Mulvey and Emma Bretto go to the Theatre Comique, Washington; Tommy Warfield goes to take charge of the stage at Bremond's, Galveston, Texas; Harry Bentley also closed 9th. The attractions next (this) week will be Kate Harvey, Jennie Burdell and J. Kelly.....At the New Central Variety Theatre the attractions Sept. 11 will be Ira A. Paine, pigeon-shooter; Harry Seymour's Combination in the drama of 'Sitting Bull, or Custer's Last Charge;' and Ma Verne, Phil Heath and Lew Sanford. Business at this theatre has been very good. Julian Kent, who closed last night, has been drawing large houses in the drama of 'Wild Bill.' His pet bear is a big card. Dick Parker goes from here to be stage-manager of Mitchell's Theatre, St. Louis, and Marie Swinebarne, Florence Warner and Frankie Johnson have also closed their engagements.....Matt Morgan's statues will open at the Front-street Theatre Sept. 11. The specialty artists will be Anna Marston, Polly Da y, John T. Raymond, Josie West, and the Landis Bros."

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., Jessie Howard, an old favorite, was the only new face the past week. Fannie Davenport has been re-engaged. The lady has a contralto voice, sings with effect, and dresses expensively. Lillie Linden, Minnie Gray, and Mulligan and Morris, the two latter to the Odeon, Baltimore, closed 9. Atwell and Maurice, Laura Bernard and the Wellington Sisters are announced for 11. Notwithstanding counter-attractions, business has been excellent the entire week. Advices of Sept. 10.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE COMIQUE, Cincinnati, O., the new appearances Sept. 4 were Erba Robeson, a nice operatic vocalist; May Antonio, serio-comic; Cincinnatus, song-and-dance; and Sadie Jeason, vocalist; Tom Allen had an immense benefit 4. Biz the rest of the week was dull. Departures 9: the Barlow Brothers and Herr Schultz, to Cleveland; Cincinnatus, to Chicago; and Hubert and Glidden, for Pittsburg. New people 11: Jos. J. Dowling, W. T. Stephens, Belle Gilbert, James Gilbert, and dogs Romeo and Zip, in "Jube Slogan;" Redmond and Devere, Ida Carlisle and Dora Dawron.....At the Adelphi Theatre are Tommy Cassidy, John Kelly, M. A. Griffin, Dan Griffin, Mlle. Flora, Mary Mitchell and Annie Rattelle.....The Germania Hall closed 6, all salaries being paid. Cause said to be a dispute between the lessee and owner. It is reported that H. Kohlbrand will reopen it next week.....At the Eldorado are George Ryder, Maggie Le Clair, Mlle. Bertha, Sheridan Brothers, Charley Gallagher, Billy Ford, Lucy Forrester and Mons. Fontaine. Prof. Robertus begins to-morrow.....Schickling's, Henck's and Loewen Garden are each doing well. So wrote our correspondent Sept. 9.

A LETTER OF INTEREST to members of the variety profession will be found in our foreign summary.

LEWIS AND PAULINE PARKER, protean vocal and terpsichorean sketch-artists, open at Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 18. They announce, in their card, their first open date at Oct. 9, and that they can be engaged through their agents, Thompson & Sleeper.

FRANK HUSSEY, who is performing with his own company in the province of Nova Scotia, recently drank a quantity of spirits of ammonia, in mistaking a bottle which he thought contained ginger ale. He came near dying of suffocation, but medical aid saved him, and he is now rapidly recovering.

WILLIS ROSE, Irish comedian, is engaged for the coming season by E. S. Washburne, and he opens in Southbrook, Mass., Sept. 14.

FEMALE PERFORMERS are wanted at Schiller's Variety Hall, Cleveland, O. See card.

PROF. HEIGHES, magician, and his assistant, who plays the bones, tambourine, etc., are open for engagements. See card.

WALTER GALE, change artist, can be addressed care of this office.

CHAS. WALTERS and Andy McKee request all letters to be sent to their advertised address.

HARRY OSBORNE and Fanny Wentworth, comedians and vocalists, are now performing at the Tivoli Theatre, this city.

FREEMAN SISTERS have secured a burlesque on the "Two Orphans," entitled "Our Two Orphans," which they offer as one of their attractions. They open at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 11. Their card in this issue gives particulars in regard to the burlesque and their route ahead.

A VARIETY LEADER advertises for an engagement.

### NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are to inaugurate their traveling season Sept. 11. The officers and company are as follows: Charles H. Duprez, director and business-manager; Frank Benedict, stage-manager; W. M. Hogan, musical director; Fred Heinrich, leader of the brass band; C. H. Keeshin, contracting and advertising agent; James T. Gulick, interlocutor; George H., Edwards and Joseph Fox, tambos; Billy West and William Ward, bones; Frank Kent, female impersonator; Andrew Vail and Frank Dumont, tenors; Dunk H. Smith, balladist; and the following instrumental performers: Eugene McGrath, I. Lydon, Robert S. Stevens, W. M. Hogan, Thomas C. Hedges, George Spindler, Henry Linn and Julius Kenney.

MME. RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS are to show in Worcester, Mass., Sept. 11, New Bedford 12, Newport, R. I., 13, Fall River, Mass., 14, Providence, R. I., 15, Westerly 16.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS were at Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 8, St. Paul 9, and are billed for Mankato 11, Rochester 12, Winona 13, La Crosse, Wis., 14, Sparta 15, Madison 16.

SLAVIN'S GEORGIA JUBILEE SINGERS performed in Hartford, Ct., Sept. 7, New Haven 8, Worcester, Mass., 9 and 10, and are to show in Providence, R. I., all this week.

GUSTAVE FROHMAN and Bob Height join Callender's Georgia Minstrels at Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 18.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS are to perform in Norfolk, Va., Sept. 11, Petersburg 12, Danville 13, Greensboro 14, Raleigh, N. C., 15, Wellington 16, Charlotte, S. C., 18, Columbia 19, Charleston 20, Savannah, Ga., 21, Augusta 22, 23. They will dedicate the new Opera-house in the latter city.

A TRAPEZE PERFORMER and a clarionet-player are wanted for Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels. See C. H. Duprez's card. The company is now reorganizing at Lowell, Mass., with Frank Dumont, stage-manager; W. Hagan, director of the vocal and instrumental department; and Ferd. Heinrich, leader of brass band.

J. W. FREETH returned from Europe Sept. 7, and will join Haverly's Minstrels.

ROZ STEPHENS advertises his professional tambourines in another column.

LEW BENEDICT'S Minstrels and Brass Band is the title of a new company now being organized to travel under the management of Lew Benedict, with J. E. Jackson as business-manager. Hall proprietors and managers of theatres are requested to address Mr. Jackson, and a tenor and a baritone vocalist and specialty artists desiring engagements can address Mr. Benedict, as per advertisement.

CAL. WAGNER'S MINSTRELS are to perform in Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 11, Albion 12, Lockport 13, Niagara Falls 14, 15, Buffalo 16.

OF WHAT BUSINESS in the amusement way that was done last week in Chicago, Ill., the minstrel houses have had fully the best share. At Haverly's Scanlon and Cronin made quite a hit in their Irish character sketches. They close Sept. 9, and will be succeeded on the 11th by Nat. C. Goodwin the mimic. An entire change of programme will occur in other respects. Hooley's has excellent bill and has been presented by Carroll and McCarthy, the Collins Bros., and the old favorites. On Sept. 11 a material change will be effected, the old Chicago favorite Frank Moran putting in an appearance as bones and specialist. Chas. Gardner, Irish comedian, and the Ainsleys—Ned and Willie—acrobatic song-and-dance, also appear for the first time at this house. Another complete company, under the management of Mr. Hooley, composed of Billy Rice, John Hart, Harry Stanwood, and Allen over glacier into crevasse. Severe internal injuries feared. Went, unfortunately, without guide."

WILLIAM JACKSON, for years connected with the Theatre Royal and Scotia Music Hall, Glasgow, Scotland, died at Girvan, N. B., Aug. 19.

FATAL EXPLOSION OF GAS.—On Monday night, 21st ult., just before the commencement of the performance at the York (Eng.) Theatre Royal, an explosion of oxyhydrogen gas took place in the paint-room at the rear of the theatre. It appears that Wm. Pinder, scene painter, was getting up the gas ready in a bag to be used in the performance, when by some means it exploded. The occupants of the theatre were startled by the report, but when it became known that the theatre was in no danger the fears of the audience were allayed. Pinder was blown against the wall by the force of the explosion, and his right leg and side were severely injured. Dr. Draper was called in, and by his directions Pinder was removed to the City and County Hospital. No damage was done to the building. On Tuesday it was found necessary to amputate the right leg of the injured carpenter. The poor fellow succumbed to the operation and died on Wednesday.

THE ANNUAL INCOME of the elder Coquelin of the Theatre Français, Paris, is over 60,000 francs.

THE SCALVINI COMPANY at the Politeama Theatre in Rome, Italy, has just brought out an extravaganza called "Angellino Belverde," by the director himself, with music by Offenbach, Strauss, and others. The subject is taken from the story of Angellino's tales, and the piece is, according to the journals of that city, one of the most magnificent of the kind ever witnessed. Its success was immense.

"BOB BRAGSHAW," a new three-act comedy by Wm. Brown of Manchester, Eng., was produced for the first time at the Opera-house, Stockport, Aug. 17.

"LEONARD, OR THE SECRET OF TWENTY YEARS," a new romantic drama by E. Dodson, received its initial representation at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, Eng., Aug. 21. The whole plot turns upon the romantic adventures and interesting adventures of a young hero, Leonard. The story opens in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at the period when Marie Stuart was imprisoned and the royal peace was disturbed by emissaries from Spain. Leonard is the supposed son of Fitzharding, Queen's Prime-minister of England, and in the opening scene, the ancient village of Charing, he succors and protects Inez Quesada, a young Spanish girl, who bestows upon him her love and confidence. Through her means the young gallant discovers, defies, and exposes the conspirators, foreign and native, who are plotting against the Queen's throne on behalf of the Stuart and Spanish interests. He confronts them at their secret councils, and, braving their threats of the rack, and by means of his faithful Spanish ally, is enabled, after a variety of startling adventures and complications, to bring the plotters to justice, to earn the royal favor of honors, and to win the hand of his "true love." The twenty years' secret is associated with the mystery attaching to "The White Nun," Adrienne de Lorist, who is also specially the object of the gallant's ardor and romantic cavaliership. The piece bristles with stirring incidents, and some of the tableaux closing the acts are capitally conceived.

**How Some American Actors Celebrated the Centennial Fourth of July in Australia.**

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—The Centennial Fourth was not forgotten even in this remote part of the world, the Chandonais and minstrels each putting "the Star-spangled Banner" on in the evening. Tom Herndon, Baker and Farron's agent, with wife and few friends, took a trip into the country. I must give you a full idea, however, of "our picnic." Joe Emmet conceived and made the necessary preparation for celebrating where crockets, crackers, and the stars-and-stripes would not offend the average Colonian, and so, on Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock, Emmet, his wife and Little Joe, Baker and wife, Farron, Frank Lawler, and your correspondent were all comfortably seated in a large dray, filled with straw and with a beautiful morning, and plenty of provisions, each anticipated a jolly day. Nor was there any disappointment in that respect, although the accidents incidental to the trip were hardly appreciated at the time. The trouble commenced almost immediately. Emmet's team would not start, the driver's whip was broken, and after a little ineffectual cruelty (with light iron rail around the main and only deck, capable of carrying about fifty men and a boy) on which we had to cross the bay—and so laid down to it, just escaping drowning themselves by backing off the boat. All hands turned to, unharnessed and got them on their feet, and quiet reigned until the other shore was reached. The trouble was deemed over, and the team again harnessed, but we were destined to go without those horses, and we meekly accepted the decree of fate, and did so; for, as soon as the lines were in Emmet's hands, there was a rearing and plunging, which ended in a broken tongue. A suburban stable furnished another outfit, and such a one! The horses—well, the least said of them the better; they would, perhaps, have been more presentable had they been groomed last month. The harouche was more appropriate than handsome, it having every appearance of celebrating its own centennial year; and, I am sorry to say, the party did not show a proper respect for old age, a general shout of "Shoot the Chutes" and "Whoa!" brought them to a stand. However, "all aboard" was the cry, and we soon arrived at our destination—a little bay, about the head of eight miles from the city. A halt was made, the colors raised and cheered, a ringing salute of big Chinese crackers and revolvers fired, a dozen rockets sent on their way, the "Star-spangled Banner" sung, and then business commenced in preparing the dinner. The ladies dressed the table beautifully in the shade of the trees, each plate, as each centre-piece containing a diminutive "Stars-and-stripes." Emmet as first and Baker as second host placed before us a most substantial but a very acceptable dinner, it being specially appreciated. Chatting, smoking, etc., followed, and "all went merry as a marriage bell" until ready to return. The shrine of Bacchus was not neglected by evidently no disciple of Hiram Woodruf, and he landed the concern, with Lawler, Farron, and myself in the ditch, the horses in front of a big log, and the "gentry" behind it; the rear of the vehicle at an elevation of forty-five degrees. Nobody injured: cause of accident, of horse backed on high side. After some "interference" and considerable hard work, the wreck was cleared, and in city was reached in safety—all in excellent spirits, and with the feeling that, although thousands of miles away, we had for a few short hours considerably lessened the distance, and well satisfied that the little dinner under the old flag had brought our hearts nearer to that home, the one hundredth anniversary of whose natal day, with its memories, we celebrated "E Pluribus Unum." Truly yours, S. L.

### VARIETY HALLS.

MAGGIE BYRNE, the American drillist, who has been performing for some time past with Sam Hague's Minstrels in Liverpool, Eng., is to close there Sept. 30, and will commence engagements in the Cambridge, Canterbury and Oxford Music Halls, London, Eng., Oct. 2.

OF interest to the Variety Profession.

An old contributor to THE CLIPPER, now sojourning in London, Eng., sends the appended letter:

LONDON, ENG., Aug. 28, 1876.

FRANK QUEEN.—I have no doubt that many of your readers would be pleased to know how affairs, musical and otherwise, are progressing over here amongst performers who are known to American audiences. In Stamford street, where I reside, it is no uncommon thing on a Monday morning to see in the course of five minutes from twenty to thirty American performers standing at the corner, as all the musical agencies are established at the corner of Waterloo road and York road, leading out of Stamford street. In fact, Stamford street is almost colonized by American performers. The American Team—WAGNE, Cotton Lovely and Birdie—G. B. Harcourt and Kate O'Connor, W. H. Rice, the Raynors, the Martinetti Troupe, the Jee Brothers, and many others, all reside within a few doors of one another. The lodging-house keeper can detect an American almost before he knocks at the door, and, as is the rule in France and elsewhere, tries to make him pay the rent of the whole house, even if he wishes to occupy only two rooms. It is a mistaken idea that people can live cheaper in England than they can in America. Everything here is quite as dear as in the States, with the trifling exception of some articles in wearing apparel, etc.; and to make a salary equivalent to that received in America it becomes necessary to work from two to three turns a night, each turn lasting from twenty to twenty-five minutes; and, besides, you have to hire a brougham or cab, which will cost at least from fifteen to twenty dollars per week; and then there is also the important item of agents' fees, etc., which reduces the salary to rather a disagreeable minimum. The importation of so many American performers has in many instances—in fact, without exception—placed salaries much lower than they would have been had fewer ventured to cross the Atlantic, as managers here wait in many instances till they perhaps have an idea that a performer's cash is getting painfully on the decrease, and they then offer terms which are totally inadequate to the abilities of many artists. However, as a rule, the Americans here are doing well. They have organized a society for the protection of artists who have been for years known to American audiences, with the idea of helping members should they become sick, and also of assisting them in case of death. The Adelphi Theatre is the usual rendezvous, where they hold meetings every Sunday evening, and I have no doubt in the course of a little time it will become a recognized and pleasant place of reunion for many American people, whether they belong to the profession or not. The American Team are doing remarkably well, though at present they are only doing one turn at the Oxford; but they open on Sept. 18 at the Metropolitan, South London Palace, and Oxford, which will be rather laborious for them, as they have to occupy the stage twenty minutes at each place. This means jumping into a brougham at their residence at 5.30, dressing at the South London, and going on the stage at 10.45, back, leaving at 11.30, thence to the Oxford at 10.15, into the brougham again, and off to the Metropolitan at 11 o'clock, leaving off very tired, to be driven home at 12 o'clock. The Harcourts—G. B. and Kate O'Connor—are at the Royal, Holborn, thence to the Varieties Theatre, Hoxton, and open with Mr. Villiers at the finest place in London—the Canterbury—on Sept. 16, playing in two halls nightly, with their new improved patent dress-changes, in which they have been very successful. The Martinetti's open at Cremorne Sept. 4, after waiting five weeks for an engagement. The Jee Brothers are at the Oxford, doing well. W. O. Rice opens at the Royal Cambridge Sept. 18, and the Pavilion Sept. 25. Stage-work is very well, as there is no one in his line of business in the country. The Lamonts, gymnasts, are at Gatti's, where they have made a very favorable impression. Caulfield and Booker, who are great favorites, are also there. The Raynor Brothers are not so "shadowy" as they appear, being great favorites at the Britannia Theatre and Royal Music Hall. The Garetta Troupe are at the South London with their globe act, in which they appear to advantage. The Girards opened last Saturday evening at the Alhambra Palace, and roused the audience to a state of furor, quite upsetting the theory amongst some musical agents that they stood no chance after the Maillons. Ella Wesner still maintains her even tenor of her way, appearing at the Metropolitan and South London nightly. Professor Nelson and sons do well at the Royal Cambridge, as do the Garnellas with Myers' Circus at the Crystal Palace, where good riding is a thing you cannot possibly see, and quite makes one long to see Little Mollie Brown, Cordelia, Bob Stickney and others. I hear there is a whole batch of American performers coming over before Christmas. I can only advise them this way: If they expect to make as good terms as they do in the States, they will find themselves lamentably out of pocket, as they have to work three times as hard to make even a decent salary. I could write a little prelude anyone from coming over, as there are some, I have no doubt, who could do as well here as in America; but I merely state facts. People who do come here as novelties, and if you give English people genuine negro comedy they will not listen to it. They will have their ideas of the down-South negro, etc. Consequently, many have to gradually adapt themselves to English tastes to be successful. The Buffalo Boys, Cheevers and Kennedy, undoubtedly struck the vein suitable to the English palates, as they are on all sides spoken of as having made the greatest success of all American performers who have been over here, and I am credibly informed that their highest terms in London at the music halls were £20 per week per turn; so, by working three turns per night, they could earn £300 per week in gold. But that is the only solitary instance of receiving large salary I know or have heard about. I think I have written you almost enough at present, so will conclude with best wishes from all the American performers I have mentioned to their friends in the States.

ONE OF YOUR OLD CORRESPONDENTS.

### CIRCUSES.

AN ACCIDENT recently happened in Adams' Circus, Scarborough, Eng., to Miss Adams, daughter of the proprietor. She lost her balance while riding at great speed round the circle, and, coming heavily to the ground, broke her arm and bruised her hip.

## THE TRIGGER.

AT NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 9, on the grounds of the Narragansett Gun Club, a silver subscription cup was shot for. There were twenty-one entries at $5 each, at 10 birds, four misses counting out, the contestants being handicapped, and scoring as follows:

| | Yds. Killed | | Yds. Killed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| G. S. Dabney | 26 | H. Brevoort | 27 5 |
| T. Van Buren | 29 | S. H. Robins | 27 0 |
| M. Van Buren | 29 | E. W. Davis | 29 2 |
| L. Curtis | 28 | H. W. Gray | 26 3 |
| J. H. Parmlee | 26 | J. Townsend | 29½ 6 |
| C. Livingston | 29 | J. F. Pierson | 26 6 |
| C. A. Longfellow | 26 | L. S. Bryce | 26 6 |
| E. H. Tatten | 27 | A. T. Rice | 28 7 |
| S. N. Hallock | 27 | H. E. Jones | 28 6 |
| F. P. Sands | 29 | C. H. Ridgeway | 26 6 |
| F. Subert | 27 | | |

In shooting off the ties for second and third money, between Messrs. Dabney, Carroll, Livingston, Longfellow and Sands, they again tied, and agreed to divide the money between them. Mr. Hallock, the winner, is a son of the late General Hallock, and was a "dark horse" among the contestants.

THE IRISH, SCOTCH, CANADIAN AND AMERICAN TEAMS practiced at Creedmoor on Saturday, Sept. 9, when some unusually fine shooting was done, especially on the part of the Irish eight, who headed the list by twenty-four points, their leading shot, George Fenton, scoring 211 points out of the 225 attainable; or, counting a bull's-eye which he made on the wrong target, 210 points. Sergeant Gee of the Australian team had accomplished a score of 211 on the 8th inst. The aggregate scores made by each team were: Irish, 1,559; Scotch, 1,536; American, 1,531; Canadian, 1,512. In view of the unexampled splendid marksmanship which has been displayed by the foreign riflemen, it has been deemed advisable to make some changes in the composition of the American eight, and at a meeting of the team on the evening of the 9th Messrs. Yale and Bruce resigned in favor of Judge Calderalee and Col. Bodine. It is confidently expected that these changes will materially strengthen the team.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**BOWERY THEATRE.**
Commencing MONDAY, Sept. 11, for one week only,
in a new, sensational, comical and musical drama in three acts, nine scenes, and fifteen tableaux, entitled
MOSES, THE OLD-CLOTHES MAN.
Also the farce of the YOUNG WIDOW. Monday, Sept. 18, MRS. G. C. HOWARD and the original Georgia slave SIMILER SINGERS in UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. In preparation, the superb drama "Tide of Life." 25-1t

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and the entire company will appear.
AN ELEGANT, SPARKLING ENTERTAINMENT.
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EVERY EVENING AT 8,
AUGUSTIN DALY'S
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UNDER THE GASLIGHT.
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WHEREAS, by reason of the large number of professional musicians now in California, it is difficult for many to get employment at any price, and great hardship and distress are thereby entailed, especially upon musicians recently arrived from the Eastern States, and for whom cannot obtain even the necessaries of life, or the means to return to their former homes, in the exercise of their profession;
THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, That this Association use every effort, through its members and otherwise, to notify musicians in other States of the difficulty they will find in obtaining employment in California, and that all musicians are hereby warned that they run a risk of much loss by enforced idleness in coming to the Pacific Coast.
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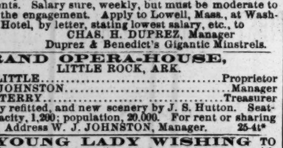


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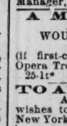

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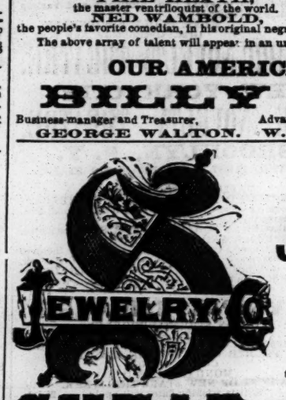


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WANTED, two first-class SOLO SINGERS, TENOR and BARITONE; also one or two SPECIALTY ARTISTS. Salaries must be low, as payment will be sure. Would like to hear from ADAMS AND LEE. Address
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Open for the Fall and Winter season on Monday, Sept. 18, as a first-class novelty theatre.
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